

The Sketch



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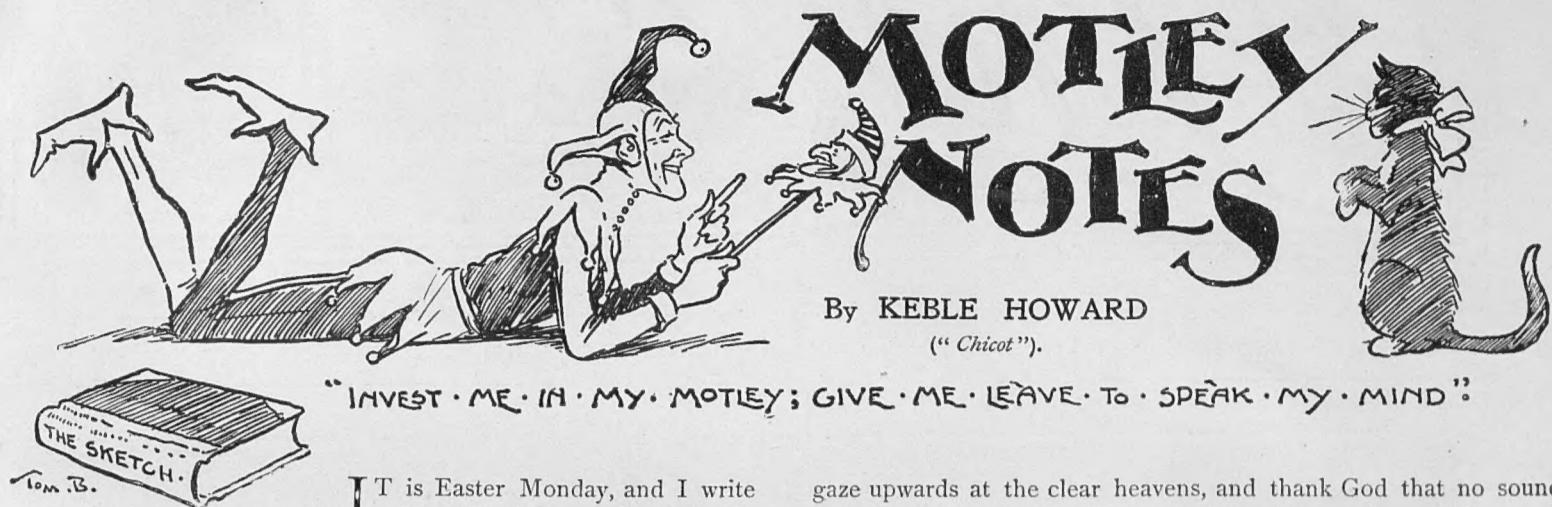
SIXPENCE.



A SCENE FROM "MY LADY MOLLY," AT TERRY'S THEATRE

MISS DECIMA MOORE AS ALICE COVERDALE AND MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE AS LADY MOLLY.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



IT is Easter Monday, and I write from Stockholm. Immediately in front of me, as I look from the hotel-window, is a hard, white street, bounded on either side by taxameter-cabs. The street is white because the sun is shining upon it—shining for all the world as though there were no such country in the world as England, and no such dreary street in England as the Strand. The human interest in the scene is supplied by little groups of Swedish fruit-sellers and small parties of languid Americans. There is no love lost between the representatives of the two nations, and, to tell the truth, very little money. Looking past the Americans, my eyes rest upon the cool, blue waters that flow between the walls of my hotel and the Royal Palace. The King of Sweden, you will remember, is a poet and an artist, but there is nothing poetical or artistic about his official residence. On the contrary, it is as ugly and bare a building as any in Stockholm. The houses that cover the hill behind the Palace, on the other hand, are quite picturesque. This quality they owe to the fact that they are of every possible size, shape, and colour, rather than to any particular merit they possess in the way of architecture. The man who wants to appreciate Stockholm must look at it with half-closed eyes—as I am doing.

But am I, after all, at Stockholm? On second thoughts, I find myself lying at ease upon a sandy shore, watching the lazy waves that come gliding in from the bosom of the broad Atlantic. Behind me is the tiny village of Keel, situated in the extreme west of the Island of Achill. It has not taken me long to exhaust the "objects of interest" in the village. The only building of any importance is the police-station, and even here I find that the one cell is filled to the roof with straw. So far as I can discover, there is no public-house; beer, however, may be obtained on application to the local grocer. This obliging gentleman, indeed, is prepared to board me and house me for a whole week in return for the sum of ten shillings. Were I a painter, I should accept his offer with alacrity, for there are pictures galore in the Island of Achill. Every peasant is a study for the student of figures, whilst the landscape man could employ himself here for a lifetime without exhausting the grand, rugged views that stretch away and away in every direction. I have always envied the artist tribe, but seldom quite so much as to-day, as I gaze around me at the wild, unspoiled scenery of the Far West of Ireland.

Stay! I am not in Ireland, after all, nor could the scenery that surrounds me be described, by any stretch of the imagination, as wild. Cliffs there are none; hills take the place of mountains; placid streams form a peaceful substitute for crested combers. To tell the truth, I am in placid Warwickshire, hard by the little town that claims William Shakspere for its own. Everyone, I am glad to think, has been to Stratford-on-Avon; the mere mention of the name is sufficient to conjure up a picture of the scene rolled out at my feet. There are trees, of course, in abundance; to-day one can just distinguish the tint of light green that relieves the black garment of Winter. There are red cottages, too, thatched as to the roof, and rejoicing in the blue streak of smoke that struggles heavenward and gives assurance of a pleasant meal in preparation. Here and there, at curiously irregular intervals, some square Norman tower or tapering modern spire stands out against the April sky; one is thankful to note that the spires are in the minority. . . . Heigho! It is very sweet, very restful, this simple home of agriculture. I lie upon my back,

gaze upwards at the clear heavens, and thank God that no sound of cab or omnibus can disturb my sentimental, noonday mood.

Cab or omnibus, did I say? There is a far worse noise than that in my ears! There is a grinding, grunting, wheezing, snuffling, hell-imagined, twentieth-century noise! A noise that sets every nerve on edge; that pervades my newspaper, my cigarette, my drink. I refer, in short, to the noise of the merry motor. The Front is alive with them to-day; every Londoner in Brighton seems to have hired unto himself a motor-car, and to be driving it up and down the road in front of my hotel. The dust flies; the dogs scuttle; the policemen stare. For all that—nay, all the more for that—the motors bustle and burble on their way. How I hate them, these beastly inventions of a degenerate age! How I loathe the sight of the riders, with their hideous goggles, their nasty-looking clothes, their air of supreme enjoyment! Why should they be allowed to make Bank Holiday more miserable for me than this always sad day has ever been before? Out upon them, the up-to-date, self-exultant wretches! Were I, for a few brief hours, a policeman, how gloriously would I assert the majesty of the law! No trick should be too cunning for me, no device too mean. Hourly the motorist laughs to scorn the fiend of Death; I would see to it that the cloven-hoofed one waited hard upon his pleasure.

Pew! That was a near shave. Never mind. Drive on, old fellow, and cursed be he that first sights a policeman! I am alive for once; I know, at last, what it means to possess a body that is capable of exhilaration, a soul that can rise to the highest flights of poetry. I am on wings; I exult; I am a god. A fig for the petty terrors of the police-court or the puny troubles of the drab wayfarer! Let them, poor souls, look to themselves; for my part, I am singing, with Mr. Henley, the Song of Speed. See! In the far distance there is some tiny, insignificant hamlet; now we are upon it. Heavens! how mean the hovels appear as one casts a backward glance! Don't tell me that I am the man who has always railed on motors! Surely, my dear sir, I could never have been so small-minded, so ignorant, so unimaginative. At any rate, that is all forgiven and forgotten now. Henceforward, I am the most confirmed law-breaker that ever rushed a "Bobby"; henceforward, my morning psalm and my evening hymn shall be the Song of Speed. Let her go!

London—for it is time that I came to the grim reality of my Easter—is deadly dull to-night. True, the theatres are open and the 'buses are running, but the Club is empty and all my friends are out of town. This evening, miserably enough, I dined alone; after dinner, I returned to my rooms and pondered over the many places I might have visited had I been able to summon up sufficient energy to pack my bag and take my ticket. Now, I am sitting by my window and staring out, moodily, at the black river. Everybody else, I observe, is enjoying—or pretending to enjoy—Bank Holiday. Throughout the evening there has been a continuous blowing of tin trumpets, mingled with the murmur of distant laughter and raucous oaths. Two hours ago, a horse fell down in the street; the usual crowd collected, gaped, and moved away one by one. A little later, to my great joy, there was some small prospect of a fight; one of the principals, however, had his wife with him, and the affair came to nothing. And so, for upwards of an hour, I have been watching the river. Its sluggishness fascinates me, but I have come to the conclusion that the occupation is an unhealthy one. . . . The street is quiet now. I will go for a walk.



HOLIDAY-TIME AT BRIGHTON.

JOTTINGS AT A HOTEL WINDOW BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Art of Holiday-Making—Where to Go—Moscow—Rome—Seville.

IT always seems to me that the great art of holiday-making is not to have too many fixed plans and no fixed addresses. There is nothing more distressing than to find oneself tied down to some place which one finds uninteresting because one's letters are coming there, and it is just as annoying to have to leave an interesting place because all arrangements have been made that one shall reach another town at a certain fixed date. Therefore, when I intend thoroughly to enjoy myself and make holiday abroad, I dispense with any address for the time I am away and go to Paris to consider where I shall start for next. Of the letters I find waiting for me when I return, at least half have answered themselves, and there is this advantage in being, as a rule, a punctilious man in replying to correspondence, that, if anyone writes to me and does not receive a reply, he or she takes it for granted that I am not in England. This shows the advantage both of answering letters when in England and of not seeing them when abroad.

I always travel by myself, and that also is a result of much experience. If any other man of my acquaintance is travelling to the same place that I am going to, I am delighted to have his companionship, to share carriages with him, to go sight-seeing and to the theatres with him, so long as each of us wants to do exactly the same thing; but when two men announce that they are going to travel together, and one would like to go sailing, and the other wants to climb hills, and

sweets in a pastry-cook's window, longing for some from each glass and loth to invest his money irrevocably on any one kind of delight.

Moscow is a charming and interesting place at Eastertide. All the hundreds of churches are gaily decked; the religious services and processions are splendid; in the great restaurants the waiters wear their bright Tartar dresses, and in the streets the bearded peasants meet and kiss each other with the Easter kiss. I quite thought, at one time, that I should spend Easter at Moscow. But someone pointed out to me that the journey was a very long one, and that the atmosphere in the cars was none of the best, and a diplomatist who knows his Russia well begged me, when I did go, to choose the depth of winter, when both St. Petersburg and Moscow are at their brightest, and not to go just when the thaw has commenced, when the ice is breaking up, and the streets are all sloppy. I reflected also that I had seen the Easter kiss most elaborately illustrated in "Resurrection," at His Majesty's Theatre, so that it will not be for Moscow that I will take my ticket.

The Riviera is, of course, charming, and half London will be there losing money at the tables, and racing along the roads in motors. But I am not sure, when one is going away for a rest, that the companionship of half of London is good for one; I certainly have no money to risk at the tables, and one must be a millionaire to take comfortable rooms at any one of the big hotels. Therefore, this year my holiday-place will not be the Riviera.

Rome, of course, is delightful and interesting, though cold; but, to see the great ceremony at St. Peter's comfortably, it is necessary to



MEDAL COMMEMORATIVE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR.

Photographs by the Adelphi Press Agency.

one wants to stay on at a town for two more days, and the other is bored with the place, and one or the other gives way and does unwillingly what his companion proposes, it spoils the enjoyment of both men and sets up a subtle irritation which tries even very firm friendships. I can recall being, inwardly, furiously angry with a tried friend, with whom, by mutual consent, I had been shackled for a tour through Italy, when, on returning to Paris, he would stop to look into all the jewellers' shops on the Boulevards, while I wanted to walk briskly. It was a shameful thing to be angry about, and I trust that he did not know that I thought him a most disagreeable fellow; but we had both been cursing our chain for many weeks, and our tastes were not quite sufficiently similar to justify the bond. Nowadays I am delighted if one of my friends will come to any place I intend visiting. I tell him when I am going, offer to share my sleeping-car compartment, give him the address of what I believe to be the best hotel in the town, and tell him what my probable movements will be. If he does make the journey at the same time that I do and does stay at the same hotel, the odds are that we are inseparable during our stay, but there is nothing to prevent either one or the other doing anything he pleases without consulting his fellow.

These are the rather selfish reasons why I am alone in Paris, enjoying thoroughly the woodland beauty of the Bois and the spring canopy of light green which the chestnut-trees spread over the walks of the Champs-Elysées, and why I shall not quite know until I go down to the sleeping-car offices where I am going to spend the bulk of my Easter holidays. I have for the past fortnight, with a Continental "Bradshaw" before me, gloated over the possibilities of various towns as an Easter resting-place with somewhat of the spirit that a small boy with a penny in his pocket looks at the bottles of

have favour made by one of the diplomats at the British Embassy, and the Secretary there whom I was best acquainted with has been moved elsewhere, and, besides, I have seen it all before and feel a yearning for novelty.

Seville is a place of wonder in the Holy Week, and then, after six days of quiet, comes the Fair Week. I know that the trees of the broad avenues must be in full leaf, and there is no merrier time anywhere than is to be spent in the great town of Andalusia; when the peasants come trotting in from the country, their wives and daughters riding pillion behind them, and the little girls of the cigar-factory make holiday and dance all the nights through under the trees. I think my resting-place this week will be Seville.

It is curious how comparatively little one hears of the Colonial Secretary since his return from his South African tour. This may, perhaps, be accounted for in part, at least, by the fact that the success of his mission has silenced even those who never tired of assailing him in season and out, and in part because the more recent of Parliamentary events have centred attention on other members of the Cabinet. The Commemorative Medal illustrated on this page will, no doubt, be gladly welcomed by Mr. Chamberlain's many admirers. Designed and made by Mr. Joseph Fray, of Birmingham, it is handsomely executed in copper, silvered and oxidised. The obverse contains a lifelike presentation of Mr. Chamberlain's features, while the reverse is allegorical and contains an impressive passage from a speech made before he left England: "I go to South Africa with the most earnest desire to bring together the people into one great African nation under the British flag."



MISS LILY BIRCHAM, THE PRETTY SAVOY DANCER.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE GOVERNOR OF THE LEBANON.

THE attempted reforms in Macedonia lend an additional interest to the government of the Lebanon, which is one of the artificially reformed provinces of Turkey. The new Governor, Marshal Mouzaffer Pasha, is an old soldier, full of energy, and of a frank and open character. His father was Isidore Tchoikovski, a Pole of good family who fought gallantly for the independence of his country in the insurrection of 1830, and afterwards escaped to Turkey, where, as Sadyk Pasha, he did good service against Russia in the Crimean War. His son Mouzaffer was born in 1841, studied at Saint-Cyr in Paris, and, after passing through all grades in the Turkish Army, was made a General during the Russo-Turkish War. The Governorship of the Lebanon is one of the most onerous posts in the Turkish Empire, and the task of Mouzaffer Pasha was all the more difficult as his predecessor had let the province get into a very bad state. The new Governor has reformed the finances and put down the corruption which was rampant, and by his energy and willingness to hear all parties has got the Government once more into order.

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TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

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April 15, 1903.

Signature.....



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

old mansion; the great reception-rooms have all been re-decorated in accordance with the personal tastes of the Princess, and only British silks, &c., have been used. It is believed that the "smart" world will now have to count with a new and brilliant London hostess, for hitherto the Princess of Wales has not been able to entertain while in town. All sorts of Royal fixtures are talked of, and it is almost certain that the coming Season will see at least one great Marlborough House ball and one of those garden-parties which were for so long among the most agreeable of annual functions, and to which it was always the custom of the Royal host and hostess to invite very literally all sorts and conditions of men and women.

The Countess of Ranfurly.

Lady Ranfurly may count herself the most popular of Vice-Queens. During the six years which her husband has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand, she has closely identified herself with the Colony which prides itself on being the most English portion of Australasia, and Government House, Wellington, has been, under her gentle rule, the centre of many good works as well as of social gaiety. Lord and Lady Ranfurly entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales during their famous tour, and there are some interesting references to them in "The Web of Empire," Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's official account of the voyage of the *Ophir*. Lady Ranfurly was the only child of the seventh Viscount Charlemont, and her marriage to the head of the Knox family took place twenty-three years ago.

Feminine Clubland. The "monstrous regiment of women," as some old divine ungloriously styled the feminine invasion of his day, is now marching well to the front in feminine Clubland. The extraordinary success of the "Amazons and the Mermaids," as the Ladies' Army and Navy Club has been wittily christened, seems to have brought about that imitation which is the sincerest form of flattery, and rumour is busy with several new Clubs, of which one, at least, has taken concrete shape as the Ladies' Field Club. Every woman interested in any form of sport or outdoor life will be welcomed, provided, of course, she can pass the Argus-eyed Committee. In addition to a very comfortable Club-house, the Ladies' Field offers its members the further attractions of a house-boat at Henley, of country quarters within easy distance of town, and, last not least, of a Club four-in-hand. Lovers of dogs are to be specially catered for, and, whereas from every other Ladies' Club, as far as I know, man's dumb friend is strictly excluded, there will be at the Ladies' Field Club special accommodation for members' pets.

A Gentleman of France.

Our many-sided Sovereign has long been in Paris one of the most popular of foreign Royalties. Very early in his life, the King became in heart a gentleman of France; indeed,

IT is curious how little notice has been taken of what is to all intents and purposes one of the most important Royal flittings which has ever taken place. I refer, of course, to the Prince and Princess of Wales having now taken up their quarters in Marlborough House, forty years, almost to a day, after King Edward and Queen Alexandra came there as bride and bridegroom. Their Royal Highnesses have quite transformed the interior of the splendid

the story goes that, when he was quite a little boy, on the occasion of his first stay in Paris, he earnestly begged the lovely Empress Eugénie to ask his parents to leave him behind when the Royal party were about to return to England. When Napoleon the Third's charming Consort answered, smiling, that she feared Queen Victoria would not be able to spare her eldest son even for a few days, he replied quickly, "Oh, you needn't be afraid of that, for there are six more of us at home!" Hitherto, when in Paris, the King has stayed at the Hôtel Bristol, or, on the last occasion, at the Hôtel Ritz; but it is almost certain that on this occasion His Majesty will inhabit one of the Paris mansions which are now at the disposal of the President of the French Republic, or it is possible that His Majesty will prefer to be the guest of Sir Edmund and Lady Monson at the British Embassy.

The Coming Weather.

Our friend Professor Falb, the Austrian weather prophet, has been kind enough to foretell evil things for the next two months. This month, he tells us, will act up to its character for rain, especially at the beginning and the end. In the middle it will be drier, but all through the month we may expect plenty of thunder-storms. But, if April is not to have unusual weather, May is to be as unpleasant as possible. It is to open with cold and thunder-storms, and, as the season advances, the thunder-storms will increase in number and intensity, with the cold getting worse every day. Towards the end of the month the rain will cease,



LADY RANFURLY, WIFE OF THE EARL OF RANFURLY, GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

and the last week will be dry but wretchedly cold. Professor Falb is not by any means a cheerful prophet, and the only consolation we have is that his prophecies are always much worse than their fulfilment. He has been fairly right so far this year; but, happily, he has always overstated the case.

The Crew of the "Discovery." Too often when such a great achievement as that of the voyage of the *Discovery* takes place the credit falls almost entirely to the share of one man, and the crew to whom he owes not a little of his great success are practically forgotten by Press and public. This has not been the case of Commander Scott of the *Discovery*. The gallant Commander has given every credit to his officers and to his crew, and the voyage of the *Discovery* is likely to be noted in the history of British Antarctic Expeditions as having achieved the greatest and the most brilliant results; indeed, a party under the leadership of the Commander has

advanced exponents of the modern ideas concerning breadth of treatment and purity and luminosity of colour. Again, there are Mr. T. F. M. Sheard's "The Wood Gatherers," a picture full of the effect of daylight as it shimmers through the almost transparent foliage of the woodland, and Sir Wyke Bayliss's impressive work, "The Sanctuary in the Certosa, Pavia," wherein all the details of ecclesiastic architecture, furniture, and embellishment are rendered with almost photographic exactitude, yet with a regard for the general effect of "dim, religious light" and solemnity that pervades the scene. It is seldom that the sentiment as well as the minor facts of a church interior have been so well set forth, even by the President. A striking work of quite a different kind is "St. Christopher," by Mr. R. C. Bunney, for in this heroic figure carrying the young Christ we have something of the spirit of the later Renaissance, and it is noteworthy how, following the example of the Old Masters, the artist has not hesitated to exaggerate his drawing for the purposes of



THE CREW OF THE "DISCOVERY."

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

penetrated a hundred miles farther South than ever before reached, and Commander Scott has actually discovered an extensive mountainous ridge which would seem to indicate that the Pole is traversed by a chain of lofty mountains. The crew is composed entirely of absolutely picked men, each one of them noted for a high standard of intelligence, for remarkable health, and for his power of endurance.

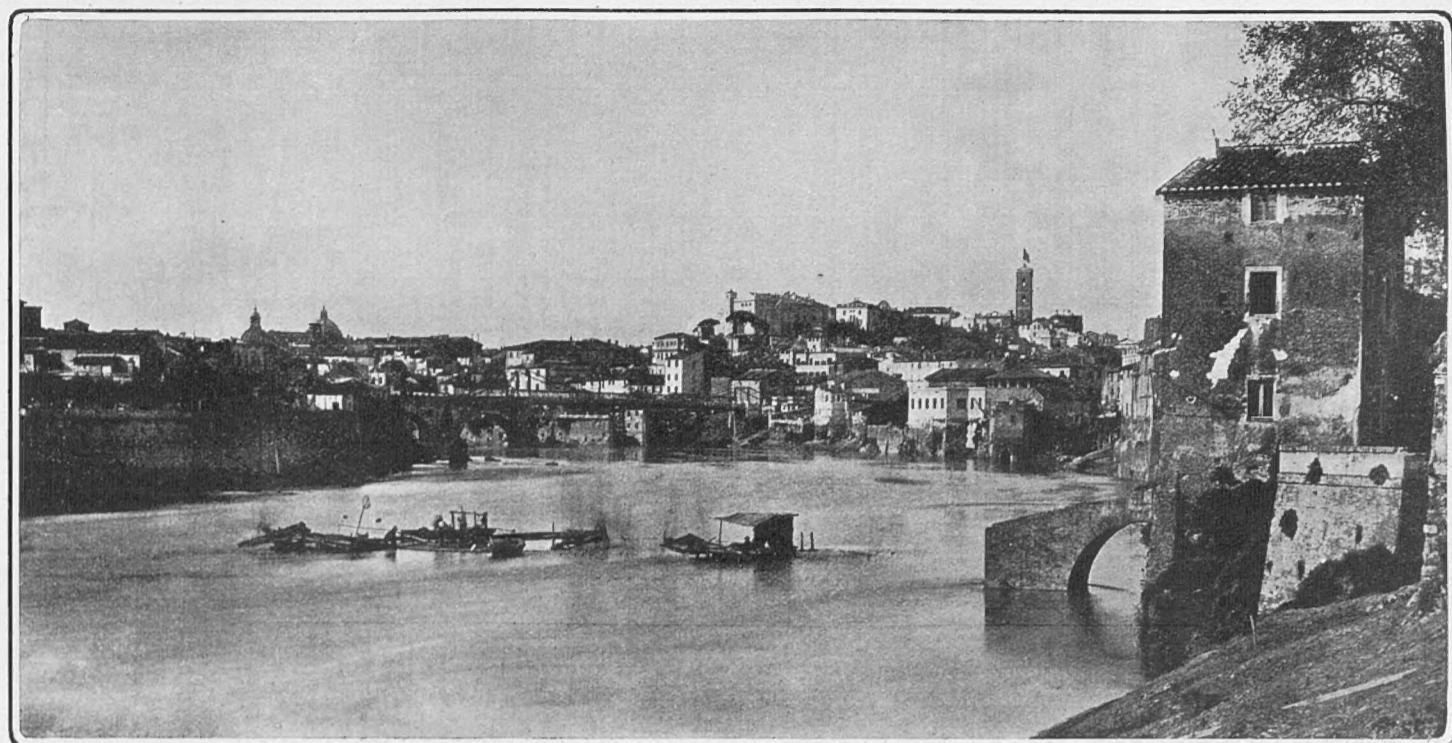
Royal Society of British Artists. As usual, the exhibition at Suffolk Street is notable for a wide range of sympathy with various artistic methods, and the old and the new, the realist and the impressionist, all find a welcome if they are only imbued with the right spirit—that is to say, with a single-minded desire to translate Nature as she presents herself to the individual outlook. How different that outlook may be is strikingly manifested in the Central Gallery, where side by side hang a carefully finished landscape in the style of the old school, "The Trent at Ingleby," by that spirited octogenarian, Mr. J. Peel, and "The River Farm," by Mr. C. H. Eastlake, who is one of the most

emphatic statement, just as a rhetorician might enforce his language by words that would not withstand the test of cold criticism. Approaching the South-West Gallery, one is at once struck by the strength of the work hung on the end wall. In "Hyde Park Corner," Mr. F. Footet sees a familiar feature of London, as it were, in a poetical dream, and we have reason to be grateful to one who can show us how the commonplaces of the town-dweller's existence may thus be transmuted through an artistic vision. "The Two Brewers," by Mr. Sidney Lee, is remarkable in its effect of darkness and artificial light, and its neighbour, Mr. E. Borough Johnson's "Eventide," is another fascinating work. Near by, "Mr. C. H. Eastlake's "Twilight," with its bridge and reflected lights in the water, Mr. J. Fergusson's brilliant and original representation of moonlight, and Mr. Beale Adams's sea-piece of beautiful tone, "A Foggy Morning," are further examples of different ways of looking at Nature, singularly effective, each in its peculiar way, and combining to give happy evidence of the renewed vitality of the Society, whose varied exhibition this year contains much more in oil and water-colour that invites appreciative consideration.

The King's Roman Visit.

The visit of King Edward to Rome is indeed an event of historic and even of romantic importance. The "Eternal City" was for long curiously and touchingly associated with the fortunes of the fallen Stuarts; there first one and then another descendant of James II. held a mimic Court,

gives its name to the King of Italy's eldest son, and the present King Victor Emmanuel was for a long time known as the Prince of Naples. His Majesty is certain of a brilliant reception in "la bella Napoli," and, should the city and the heights round it be illuminated in honour of the British Sovereign's visit, His Majesty will see a



THE KING'S VISIT TO ROME: A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE TIBER.

and when Queen Victoria was last in Italy Her late Majesty went to considerable trouble in order to learn something of what had been the Italian life of the last of the Stuarts. The King's first visit to Rome took place exactly forty-four years ago, for it was in the April of 1859 that the Prince Consort wrote to Baron Stockmar, "We have sent orders to the Prince of Wales to leave Rome and to repair to Gibraltar." When Queen Alexandra was last in Rome, as Princess of Wales, Her Majesty was received by the Pope.

The "Siren City." The news that the King is going to Naples recalls the fact that the "Siren City" of the world has long been famed for its associations with many famous Englishmen and Englishwomen, from Nelson and Lady Hamilton to Lord Rosebery, who has there a very beautiful and luxurious villa. The "Siren City"

sight which will probably strike him as among the most beautiful he has ever been privileged to see.

On the South Coast. Prince Antoine d'Orléans, the son of the late Duc de Montpensier, and grandson of King Louis Philippe, is one of those foreign Princes who repay the compliment Englishmen pay by going to the South of France by visiting the South of England. Prince Antoine has been spending the Easter holidays on the South Coast with his two sons, the Princes Alphonse and Louis Ferdinand d'Orléans, who are being educated at the Jesuit School, "Beaumont," near Windsor. It is not for want of palaces of his own that the Prince comes to English watering-places, for he possesses a magnificent castle at Bologna, called Galliera, and in Spain he has the palace of San Lucar de Barrameda, in Andalusia.



THE BAY OF NAPLES.

Patti Ever Young and Fair.

but her figure, and has changed so little during the last twenty-odd years. Baroness Cederström, to give her the name by which she is now known to her many friends, has become very much attached to Sweden, and perhaps this is one reason why she some time ago determined to give up "Craig-y-Nos," the Welsh palace which has been described in every known language. The King of Sweden has shown marked civility to his fair new subject, and the arrival of Madame Patti at her husband's charming country home is always eagerly welcomed by Swedish Society.

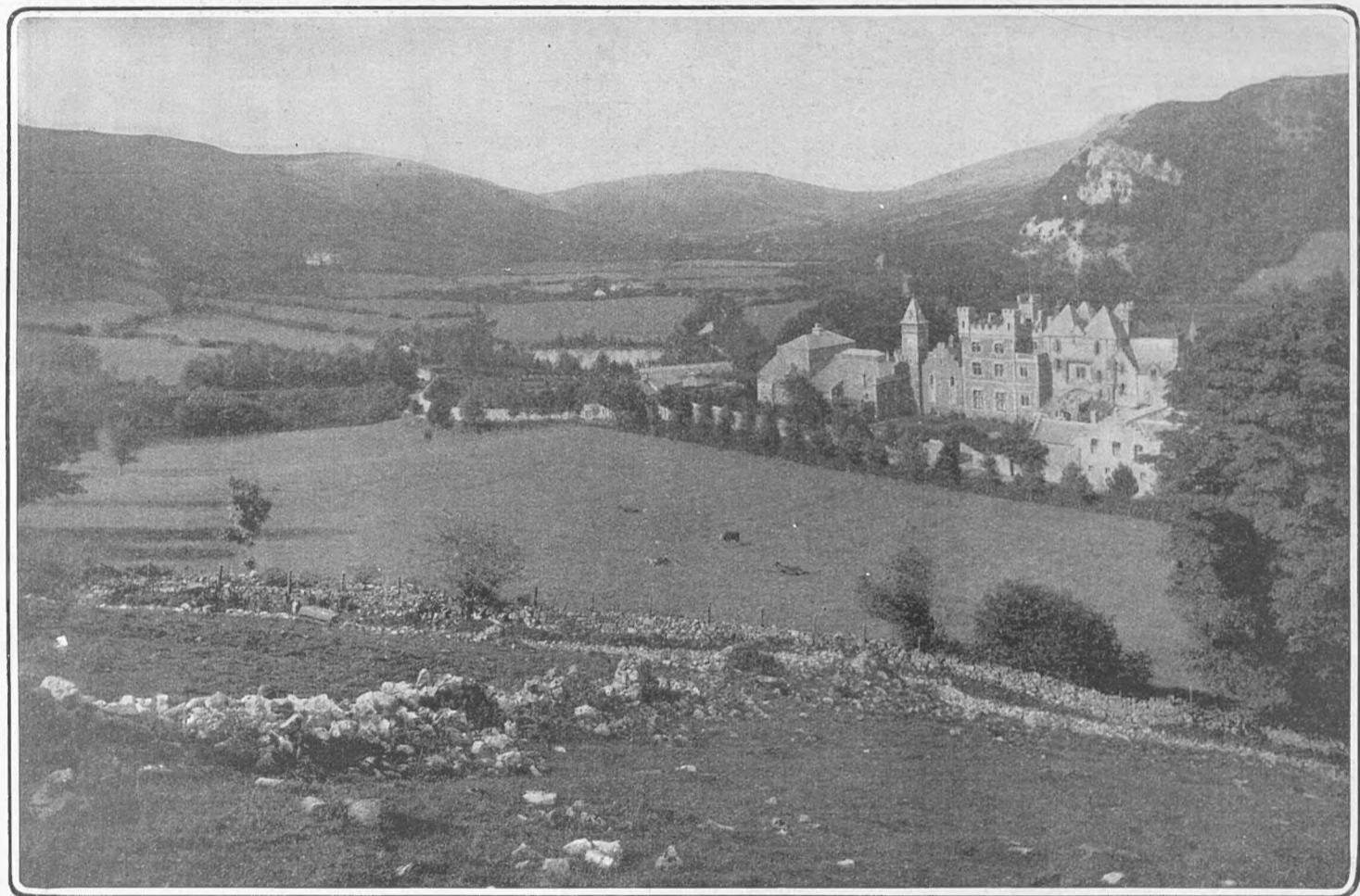
Old and Young Unionists.

Perhaps Easter will improve the temper both of old and of new Unionists. The controversy carried on in the *Daily Telegraph* has been more bitter than any squabble among Liberals. There is no doubt that the young men of the Fourth Party are determined, at all risks, to express their views with the utmost candour. The more devoted supporters of the Government have been greatly irritated by criticism and opposition on their own side of the House, and have shown an impatience which has only enraged the independent men. Frequently

Mr. Ritchie, however, defied the House. With unusual courage, he set himself against the prevailing sentiment and told the shipowners and their friends that he would not find the money. Colonel Denny, the shipbuilder, denounced him with tremendous vehemence, but the boldness of the Chancellor prevailed. If there had been any hesitation, the House would have passed the Bill, but it was really driven to reject it by a Minister who meant business. Although not at all a polished speaker, Mr. Ritchie can express his meaning with unmistakable clearness, and sometimes bluntness is a very useful Parliamentary quality.

The Kaiser and Prophecy.

The Emperor William has been very anxious about the accident to the Empress, and any misfortune to the members of his family always disturbs his peace of mind. It is said that the Emperor is very superstitious concerning an old prophecy which was delivered by a monk in the thirteenth century, to the effect that, in the years to come, the German Empire would be restored, but that the revived Empire would come to an end with the third Emperor. The Kaiser is the third Emperor of his line, but some people hold that, as the Emperor Frederick William reigned such a short period and was an invalid all the time he was on the throne, for the purposes of the prophecy the



"CRAIG-Y-NOS," THE WELSH HOME OF MADAME PATTI.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.

in recent weeks the two sections might have been seen glaring at one another, the older men crying "Divide!" while the younger retorted with shouts of "Order, Order!"

The Political Revolt.

Will the Government be able to quell the revolt? Hitherto, threats and arguments have failed. Shortly before Easter, when several Unionists were going into the Opposition Lobby, a member of the Government said loudly to them, "You will all lose your seats." Nevertheless, they went on their way. Reply to the young men in debate has usually been made by Mr. Brodrick, because he is the chief object of their attack, but they pay no regard either to his persuasion or to his invective. Perhaps some day the Prime Minister himself will deal with them, and particularly with his cousin. None of the other young men irritate the Ministers so much as Lord Hugh Cecil. More deference was expected from one so closely connected with the chief family in the Cabinet, but Lord Hugh seems to have inherited the temperament of his father.

A Defiant Minister.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the last Friday sitting of the House, snapped his fingers at the large body of members who demanded that the shipping industry should be relieved of the light dues. It seemed certain that the Government would be beaten, as there was strong feeling on the Conservative side in favour of the proposed relief.

present Kaiser must be considered to be the second. Anyhow, the Emperor William has a fine lot of stalwart sons, and he has done his best to prevent the prophecy from coming true.

The Young Men of the U.S.A.

Our American cousins deal in very practical fashion with their young men. The possession of wealth or influence is not considered a bar to a thorough understanding of their life's work, and many men of family who hold important offices in great commercial undertakings have climbed the ladder from the lowest rung, while in other countries they would have started half-way up. I notice that Mr. Orew Root, nephew of Mr. Elihu Root, has reached the position of General Manager of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York, though he is only in his thirtieth year. Eight years ago, when he had finished his college course, he went into the service of the Company as a mechanic, and worked his way steadily through all the departments between him and his present responsible place. I remember meeting the manager of a very big motor-car establishment who had been through the mill in the same way, and he said he had the smartest set of workmen in the country, for they knew they could not cheat him, and if they wanted to loaf or shirk they looked for a job somewhere else. He said, too, that his knowledge of what constitutes a fair day's work and a fair day's pay kept the best of understandings between capital and labour in his establishment, and at a time when some strikes were in progress he never lost a man.

King Edward's
Latest Gift.

Mr. Carnegie has presented the Sovereign with an extinct monster, and His Majesty is said to be much interested in his latest gift. The wonderful creature, more than four times the size of an ordinary elephant, was discovered about five years ago in Wyoming by a group of American naturalists, and, as they were among the many seekers after truth who have reason to bless Mr. Carnegie, they paid him the curious compliment of naming their find after him; that is, "Carnegieonis." A photograph of this prehistoric creature was shown to the King on the occasion of his recent visit to Skibo Castle, and the interest he displayed suggested to his host the idea of this novel gift.

Bonnets over the
Border.

The news that bonnets are to be worn at the reception given by the Queen in Holyrood Palace has aroused great annoyance in Scotland. Scotch ladies dress well, and Scottish débantes are noted for the admirable fashion in which they are turned out; therefore their feelings on learning the news that the Royal function is not to be a Court, but simply a reception, may be more easily imagined than described. Apropos of Royal views on full-dress and otherwise, it has been pointed out that Queen Alexandra has never worn the "picture-hat." Her Majesty remains faithful to those neat bonnet-like shapes she first made popular and which suit her exquisitely modelled head to such perfection.

The Easter Recess. Not for many years past has Easter seen, in a social sense, an emptier London. The great country houses are most of them full, though a certain number of "smart" folk have gone to the Riviera to greet the Sovereign. Lord Dudley, who is certainly doing all that lies in his power to make Ireland popular, is entertaining a golf-party, and many enthusiastic fishermen are enjoying their favourite sport in far-famed Scottish and Irish salmon-streams. The motor is also playing its rôle in Easter change of air and scene, and not only the country folk of the United Kingdom, but the peasantry of shrewd Normandy and Brittany have reason to bless the horseless carriage. The Prince and Princess of Wales are spending Easter at York Cottage, Sandringham, and among those great people who prefer some form of "home, sweet home," to more exciting change of scene are Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord and

Lady Derby, and Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who are one and all spending the Easter week in their country places.

Miss Powell, who has been on tour with Sousa's Band, is again playing in that famous bandmaster's concerts at Queen's Hall, the scene of her previous musical triumphs with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, the Philharmonic, &c.

May will be a very brilliant month from the social point of view, for not only will there be held the May Courts, so much smarter from every point of view than the Drawing-Rooms which used to open the last century's Seasons, but there will also be Mrs. Adair's fancy-dress ball. The clever American hostess who has now taken so great a place in Society is said to be anxious to revive in London the glories of the wonderful costume-ball which took place at Delhi in the Palace of the Great Mogul, and

MISS MAUD POWELL, PLAYING IN SOUSA'S CONCERTS AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Photograph by Hermann Ernst, Waverley Place, N.W.

some of the quaint frocks and uniforms there worn for the first time will reappear on this occasion. Many of the great beauties have undertaken to arrange special dances. Lady Warwick will organise a Poudré Quadrille, and a very original group will be that suggested by Lady Barrymore, namely, a group of early Irish Kings and Queens. There is also a rumour of a great Royal Ball. Such a function has

not taken place at Buckingham Palace for close on fifty years, and no entertainment devised by their Majesties would prove more popular with both the mothers and the débantes of Society.

A Literary and
Artistic Duke.

The Duke of Argyll occupies a very curious position among the wearers of the strawberry-leaves. Till comparatively lately he was the only British noble directly connected with the Sovereign and our Royal Family, and yet so unique is the position held by the head of his clan that there is no reason to consider the story untrue which sets forth that, on the then Marquis of Lorne's wedding-day, an old Highlander was heard to observe, thoughtfully, "I'm thinking the Queen must be a proud woman this day." The head of the Campbell family is a man of wide culture and considerable attainments. He began his literary career when quite a youth, and has published many volumes, as well as an opera. He has retained a most affectionate feeling for Canada, and one of the very rare occasions on which he and his

Royal Duchess emerged from the private seclusion which they prefer was when they entertained the Canadian Coronation Contingent in Kensington Palace. The Princess took her duties as hostess quite seriously; she and the Duke sat down with the men and their officers at table, and, after the banquet was over, Her Royal Highness took the whole party through the rooms where Queen Victoria spent her childhood.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

"WEE MACGREGOR."

(A London publisher has taken over the English publication of this successful Scottish booklet by "J. J. B.")

O' Wallace and Sir John the Graham
And Robert Bruce o' deathless name
Lat Scotia's bards the deeds proclaim
Wi' native vigour;
But lat them no account it shame
To spare a stanza for the fame
O' Wee Macgregor.

His great name-father, bold Rob Roy,
In Glaisca wrocht an unco ploy
And did his utmost to destroy
The Bailie's figure;
Still, his exploits were but a toy
To those o' that rampaigeous boy
The Wee Macgregor.

This rascal o' a later age,
A bairn whiles, an' whiles a sage,
Wha's tricks our liking now engage
And now our rigour,
Serenely treads his humble stage,
Sublime when storms maternal rage
Roun' Wee Macgregor.

His countrymen he made his own,
And now the nickum, bolder grown,
Mairches wi' war-pipe's stirring drone
To conquest bigger:
Across the Border he has flown,
To thirl the Southron to the throne
O' Wee Macgregor.

What though the Gorbals claim his birth?
This contribution to the mirth
O' nations but enriches earth
In joy too meagre:
O' stuff heroic fear nae dearth,
While Scotland nurtures lads o' worth
Like Wee Macgregor.

J. D. SYMON.



SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The Guillotine. The President of the Republic is in a quandary (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). An abominable but perfectly conscientious ruffian named Mathieu was recently sentenced to death. He congratulated the Jury on their judgment, and refused to sign any petition to M. Loubet. Now, although one to two murders a-day are regular in Paris, no one has been guillotined in the city for seven years, because La Petite Roquette is pulled down and there is no open space for Deibler to put up the Bois de Justice. In every quarter where it is proposed the genial ceremony might take place, the inhabitants promptly rise in arms, and the President is at his wits' end to know how to deal with a criminal who cannot be executed because there is no place and who refuses to ask pardon.

That Strange Alliance. Alfred Capus, as President of the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques, is to go to St. Petersburg in order to put a stop to Russian piracy. Whatever occult results may have arrived from the Russo-Franco Alliance, the playwrights have not noticed any come their way. Russia is the El Dorado for the music-hall chanteuses, but the Golgotha of the makers of plays. As there is no literary treaty between Russia and France, any play of the slightest value on the Parisian stage is coiled by the Russians, and frequently proves a great success. Not only do the authors suffer from this broad-day theft of their "brothers and allies," but it prevents actors and actresses from touring in the vastly wealthy Empire.

The Other Louise. Gustave Charpentier, the famous composer of "Louise," had a funny adventure in Vienna. The opera was a great success and was the talk of the city. Charpentier visited the Exhibition and was casually pointed out by a lady as "l'homme de Louise."

This was bruited round, and in a few minutes he could not walk for the onslaught of ladies. Fame, he felt, had at last arrived at full pressure, but he shrunk his diminished head when he found that he had been mistaken for Giron with another errant Louise.

The appalling death of Count Zborowski in the Nice — La Turbie race will, I am informed, have a very serious effect on the automobile industry in France. The races were suppressed *en bloc* by the Government, and this alone meant that machines costing two million francs that had been constructed for the Nice fortnight were so much Dead Sea fruit. A veritable army of *mécaniciens* had been sent down by the principal makers. If—and, as I hear, it is inevitable—the authorities refuse to allow any racing in France in the Paris-Madrid contest, it will amount to a disaster, if not a crisis. The defence of the automobilists is ridiculously thin. They claim that every man is master of his own life, and that, if motor-racing is to be suppressed, the disappearance of steeplechasing should logically follow. I must say that at Auteuil I have never seen children quietly

playing hopscotch on the track and suddenly swept out of existence by a furious charge of racehorses. And that is more than the French motorists can claim, for accidents caused by excessive speed increase and multiply daily.

Easter in Paris. Paris—the most popular London suburb—was deluged at Easter by the English, and, in whichever way they were pleasure bent, it was their own fault if they were not amused. Those gorgeous Easter eggs seemed the joy of the ladies, when they were not eye-dazzled with the new hats and spring costumes in other windows. The men could crowd a week's frivolity into a day with horse-racing, cycling, automobiling, and an evening at a theatre, and every theatre in Paris now holds a success. Réjane was the most patronised, but the perfume of English tobacco lay heavy on the atmosphere in the halls.

The English Invasion.

I went into a tea-room hard by the Rue de Rivoli, the other day, and I might have imagined myself in Regent Street. All the waitresses were English, and dressed even as such. All I wanted was a cup of tea, but, to my positive consternation, as I scanned down the list, I found mussels and crumpets, Bath-buns, strawberry-puffs, and the whole dance of dishes that long ago reconciled me with this vale of tears. And it seems that English capital is ready and anxious to purchase every available site in the Étoile or Opéra quarters. Ten years ago, a cup of tea was a subject for a quip by the French, who associated it with a gin débauche.

The Queen and the Stable-boy.

Great bitterness is felt by the English and American Catholics at the closing by the Government of the only English Catholic church in Paris, held by the Passionist Fathers. Whatever argument that could

be urged against these priests could only appear wisdom to fools. Their whole life was spent at sick bedsides, and every stable-lad at Maisons Laffitte and Chantilly respectfully raised his cap when one of them passed on some errand of mercy. At Christmas they begged of the wealthy, such as Madame Mackay, for funds so that every poor English family or American had a well-garnished table. The recipient might be an Anabaptist or a Methodist, it was all the same. They were no respecters of persons. One Father went straight to Queen Alexandra and told her that one of the old stable-boys of Sandringham was dying in a garret in a street off the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Her Majesty got into a cab and drove off at once with the priest and climbed six wearisome flights of stairs. The lad got well, and always said it was due to the "Princess's smile"—for she was Princess in those days. It is a strange decision, this expulsion, even in a country where topsy-turvydom runs rife.

Profound sympathy is felt here for General Horace Porter in the death of his wife. The American Ambassador is an especial favourite with Parisians.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

By Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



TESTING HIS SIGHT.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"A CRITICAL COURT OF HONOUR" AND MR. GANTHONY.

MR. ARCHER'S article in the *Fortnightly*, called "A Critical Court of Honour," is excellently fitted in point of time to the case concerning the authorship of "A Message from Mars." The view of the admirable critic is that, in matters concerning the drama, disputes involving questions of criticism should be referred to a kind of specialist Court of Honour and taken out of the hands, or rather, the voices, of Jurymen. The case of *Ganthony v. Daily Express*, Limited, and Another, certainly tends to support Mr. Archer's views. The defendants asserted last May that a new play was to be produced from the pen of Mr. George P. Hawtrey, who "re-wrote 'A Message from Mars' and 'Mademoiselle Mars' before they developed into successes." So Mr. Richard Ganthony brings an action of libel which, from a lawyer's point of view, is based upon the proposition that he has been held up "toodium, hatred, ridicule, or contempt." At first sight, the action seems absurd, since the complaint appears to be that it is odious, hateful, ridiculous, or contemptible not to have written "A Message from Mars," which involves too colossal a condemnation of all the human race except one. A second view suggests that the "innuendo" was that the plaintiff had acted dishonestly in claiming credit for exclusive authorship. Probably, however, at the bottom of the squabble lies the complaint mysteriously and inaptly called in the legal profession "slander of title," though, if that were the case, some damage ought to have been proved to justify the verdict. For if you allege untruly that somebody's "Baby's Beanfeast" is not really nutritive but merely beastly and indigestible, no action lies unless it can actually be proved that a loss of custom resulted from the statement. Conceivably, then, the real gist of the case is not libel in the ordinary sense of the word, seeing that a man may be virtuous and dignified without having written a play, but that Mr. Ganthony was wrongly denied the valuable advertisement which comes to the author of a successful piece. For many years, the great unacted have complained that in matters theatrical "to him that hath shall be given" is the rule, and that rubbish by a successful man will be accepted where a brilliant work by the unknown is declined.

Now, surely, an honest dispute as to the relative degrees of the value of the work of Mr. Hawtrey and Mr. Ganthony is not one to be decided by a casual collection of citizens representing, presumably, the lower-middle class. Mr. Ganthony wrote the piece for American audiences. Mr. Hawtrey Englished it. Apparently Mr. Ganthony, author of "The Prophecy," made it rather too solemn and sentimental, and the adapter treated it without sufficient reverence. But what is the value of the opinion of a dozen British tradesmen or merchants on the subject? Experts, constituting a Court of Honour, could see quickly whether Mr. Hawtrey had or had not given the touches which rendered the piece successful. They would hardly have needed the evidence of the gentlemen who expressed on oath conflicting opinions in the Law Courts, since they would be dealing with questions as far out of the range of a legal tribunal as the respected merits of the two Strauss. I can conceive that the Strauss of the waltzes could maintain successfully an action in our Courts if he were confused in some announcements with the other Strauss whose terrible and amazing and magnificent music is bewildering even to his warmest admirers. For it is obvious that a Jury which, naturally and properly, merely represents the average opinion is incapable of judging matters really above the average. Between Wagner and Sousa, between Beethoven and the person who wrote "The Song that Reached my Heart," there is no possible basis of comparison, and yet can be no doubt as to which, alas, would get a verdict in a dispute in the Law Courts.

Of course, I do not pretend to deny Mr. Ganthony's right to the £200 verdict, assuming that he holds it, since no one can form a fair opinion of a case merely from reading newspapers; but, except from the purely financial point of view, he has gained less than nothing by his proceedings. Thousands, or scores of thousands, who never read the libel now know that his claim as sole author of "A Message from Mars" has been seriously contested and that evidence against it has been offered by men of standing such as Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Herbert Waring; and one can say, without hesitation, that his reputation has been far more injured by the trial than by the libel itself, because of the enormous difference in the degree of publicity. People are affected by the shabby proverb that "There is no smoke without fire," and the case showed to a vast number of people who otherwise were ignorant of the fact that there was a good deal of smoke which, however, ended in a verdict of £200.

The case, no doubt, will be interesting to the general public, since it shows a fact not generally known, which is that there are many mysteries connected with alleged authorship of plays. Few pieces

appear in the form in which they were written. "Kitty Grey" will serve typically. It was originally a farce, then converted into a book for musical comedy. The same fate befell "The Girl from Kay's." The recent case of Moore against Edwards told much of the charnel-house secrets of play-manufacture. Putting, however, such extreme cases aside, it may be mentioned that gigantic changes are often made. A brief sketch of the history of a comedy successful a little while ago will show this. A popular Manager thought there was something in a non-copyright French comedy that he bought cheap at a bookstall. An English version was rough-hewn by his stage-manager and then handed over to a successful dramatist, who converted it into a comedy of a rather light character, and it was accepted for production; but the Manager changed his mind, forfeited his option, and the work was bought right out by another Manager, who saw possibilities of a more powerful play in it, though he knew nothing as to its origin. He re-shaped it himself, but a petition over which he had no control put an end to his ventures. It then became the property of a syndicate which proposed to run an actress who had just made a "hit," so the scrip was given to another popular dramatist, who prepared a new version in which the hero's part, which had been swollen out disproportionately, was brought down to proper dimensions. In this state the piece resembled the original so much as to justify the French phrase, "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose," but another hand was called in before it was produced in order to give it a more Society air, which he did by putting in some references to the Carlton and a good deal of slang, and ultimately it was produced under his name as "a new and original comedy." I should have liked to have the decision of a Jury or a Court of Honour if the nominal author had been accused of adapting a French play of which he had never heard.

The establishment of a Court of Honour at least would prevent people from looking ridiculous if the proceedings were not reported at length; and it might prevent the bitterness which comes from an action at law. A sober report by a well-chosen Committee that Mr. Ganthony was entitled to all that he claims in point of credit, not money, would have been far more serviceable to his reputation than the verdict of a Jury. To such a tribunal, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones might have appealed against Mr. Walkley, or the critic of the *Times* against the author of "The Liars," without the one making himself as ridiculous as he now seems, or the other being prevented by a sense of humour from vindicating himself against chaotic newspaper attacks and a puerile policy of exclusion.

Perhaps the kind of person who brings a libel action would not care about the decent obscurity of a Court of Honour. For some men are litigious by nature, and a lawsuit appeals to a sort of perverted love of sport that lies in them. Yet it would be good if some way could be found out of the kind of *impasse* existing at present in connection with the Bouchier-Jones-Walkley incident, which certainly leaves the *Times* in an awkward position, because its critic has too great and proper a sense of dignity to submit the grievance of the insults put upon him to a tribunal quaintly inappropriate. But for the stern insistence in our Courts upon relevance to the issue, the pending action of Clement Scott against Bouchier for alleged defamation, arising out of this dispute, might have caused a discussion of the matter in a kind of triangular duel. Since the Critical Court of Honour is not likely to come into existence, one wonders whether the French system of duelling would meet the case. The thought of "A. B. W." and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in comparatively dangerous combat over the rights or wrongs of the author is quite deliciously thrilling, and if the little affairs could be arranged to take place in a theatre as a benefit performance some charity would gain magnificently. The system, however, would be difficult, seeing how seriously ladies are coming forward as dramatists, and also because of the fact that a first-night contains something like a score of members of the fair sex present as critics, though, perhaps, some confine themselves to "doing" the gowns, which they write of with a surprising unanimity of praise and an even more amazing difference in description. Probably things must jog on as they are. Insults will be swallowed in silence by the wise, and the hot-headed will rush into litigation which benefits the pockets of the lawyers and adds to the reputation of none, save sometimes the counsel engaged, whilst the outcome is bitterness and occasionally relentless hostility. There have been cases where successful plaintiffs have won Pyrrhic victories, though they have only learnt the extent of the injury sustained by them quite a long time after the verdict of the Jury. Some critics deem it dangerous to say anything at all concerning those who answer hostile criticism with an "Edward the Seventh by the Grace of God."



MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

Photograph by Miss Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

"THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN" AND THEIR HOME.

NORTH WALES has long been one of the chief holiday resorts in Great Britain, and each season adds to its popularity among those who prefer the wilder beauties of Nature rather than those of the more or less fashionable seaside resort with its crowds of visitors. Though Welsh mountains and cataracts may be insignificant when



"THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN."

compared with those of many other countries, and though even the Highlands of Scotland surpass North Wales in grandeur, yet for varied scenery and the rugged and shapely character of its mountains little Wales may well challenge comparison. Its northern part has also the advantage of being compassed on two sides by the sea, and its coast-line, while not in any part assuming the grandest form of cliff-scenery, is always picturesque and interesting, the mountain girdle inland adding much to its attractiveness.

North Wales, however, is not entirely composed of mountains, for there is what may be termed the "hill district," and of this the neighbourhood of the little town of Llangollen is decidedly the most beautiful. The valley of the Dee, of which Llangollen may be called the capital, is in its way unsurpassed for lovely scenery, and for varied and beautiful walks few places in the country can compare with it. These, too, may be arranged so that the pedestrian does not go over the same ground twice. Then there is also Llangollen Bridge, one of the "Wonders of Wales." This is of four pointed arches, the end ones being wider than the central pair, and was originally built in 1345-46 by John Trevor, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph.

Within about half-a-mile of the famous bridge is "Plas Newydd" (New Palace), where the "Ladies of Llangollen" some century or so ago entertained their numerous visitors. The early history of these famous maidens is wrapped in some obscurity, and why they left their native country to seek a home in Wales is not fully explained. However, the story runs that, in the year 1776, Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Sarah Ponsonby, the one nearing her fortieth year and the other only just of age, discontented with their home-life in Ireland, decided to take their fate in their own hands, and, without revealing their destination to anyone, and accompanied

only by the younger lady's trusty maid-servant, one Mary Carryl, crossed over to Wales and took up their abode in Denbigh. Two years later, they went to Llangollen, and here they occupied a small four-roomed cottage called "Pen-y-Maes." This they enlarged and re-named "Plas Newydd," and, as they were ladies with a pretty taste in art and decoration, the one-time humble cottage was gradually transformed into so charming a dwelling that people flocked to see it from far and near, and the "Ladies of Llangollen" counted among their visitors most of the celebrities of the time. Their eccentricity extended even to costume, for they wore beaver chimney-pot hats and blue coat-bodied riding-habits. Clad in such strange dress, and with hair cut short and powdered, they presented a most curious appearance, and their reputation spread throughout the country.

It is scarcely matter for wonder that two ladies of such decided originality, in days when the female sex generally entertained no views on woman's rights or emancipation, became quite a power in the little village of Llangollen; indeed, it is recorded that for half a century they exercised almost despotic yet beneficent sway over the simple Welsh villagers.

The fame of the cottage, too, had every year become more widely known, and in time each visitor was required to add a contribution of old oak or the gift of some curiosity for its adornment. A joiner, too, was kept almost constantly employed in embellishing the interior, and, when not thus engaged, he is said to have scoured the district to buy up relics for the adornment of "Plas Newydd."

The "Ladies of Llangollen" were undoubtedly possessed of considerable means, yet it is somewhat curious that when, in 1809, "Plas Newydd" became their actual property, it was through the death of their faithful servant, Mary Carryl, who left all her savings, together with the freehold of the place, to her beloved mistresses. It was after that date that the exterior carvings were added to the house.

Lady Eleanor died in 1829, at the ripe age of ninety, and Miss Ponsonby survived her by only two years. Most of the contents of the house then came under the hammer, so that of objects which actually belonged to the "Ladies" very few remain, and none of much value. But, outside and in, the house is a mass of carved oak, and, curiously enough, a window recess in the "Oak Room" is lined with the wood of the "Ladies'" old pew in Llangollen Church. Dedicated to St. Collen, whence the town gets its name, the church has no particularly striking features, but in its graveyard may be seen a monument to the "Ladies" and Mary Carryl, also "the graves of the post-boys whose fortunes they made."

"Plas Newydd" has had many occupants since. It was for a time the residence of two other maiden ladies, but afterwards, till 1890, was in the possession of General Yorke, C.B., who added a wing and made many alterations. He is said to have spent some thousands of pounds on the place and to have spared nothing that would add to its charm and quaintness. After his death the property came into the possession of Mr. Robertson, a wealthy Liverpool merchant. Visitors to "Plas Newydd" are each season becoming more numerous, and much interest is taken not alone in the interior of the house, but also in its delightful surroundings.



"PLAS NEWYDD," LLANGOLLEN: THE "OAK ROOM."

Photographs by Frith, Reigate.

"THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN" AND THEIR HOME.



"PLAS NEWYDD," LLANGOLLEN: THE HOME OF "THE LADIES."



"PLAS NEWYDD": THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Photographs by Frith, Reigate.

MR. JOHN HASSALL, R.I.,

WHOSE POSTERS BRIGHTEN THE WALLS OF GREAT BRITAIN WHILST HIS BLACK-AND-WHITE WORK DELIGHTS "SKETCH" READERS THE WORLD OVER.

WORK and his three children dominate the life of Mr. John Hassall, whose name and art are so familiar to readers of *The Sketch*. There is no doubt that, were he asked, he would place his two beautiful little girls and his sturdy little boy before his work, for which they are the incentive, and for certain phases of which they have often been the inspiration. The reason is not far to seek, for his bright, humorous outlook on life, the happy endowment of the artistic temperament, is overclouded by a great sorrow, the death of the artist-wife to whom he was devoted, so that he is both father and mother to his little ones. He is something more than father and mother, too, for he is their greatest friend and best playmate, entering into all their games and ideas with that zest of which only those who really love children are capable. His studio, indeed, is common ground for the little folk, and they will sit with him by the hour making pictures.

Whatever else may happen, two hours in each day are dedicated by their father to the children, and if, through the exigencies of many commissions, it means working two hours extra at night—why, so much the worse for the night. From those children he derives all sorts of suggestions when he is doing pictures of little ones, and it was, no doubt, with a view to their subsequent amusement that he took up the production of children's books, of which he has, so far, done ten.

His entrance into the domain of Art was certainly without any great preparation, though the first glimmering idea of such a career occurred when he was a very small boy. It was a wet day, and, in order to keep the children quiet, his mother got out a paint-box, and a magazine which contained a print of a large turkey. This she proceeded to colour yellow, and the small boy at her knee thought how wonderful it would be if he could, when he grew up, make such beautiful birds with nothing but paints. When he did grow up, however, he had ideas of the Army, but he gave them up in favour of farming in Canada. Farming, however, was merely a generic term, for he spent a good deal of time hunting and shooting. In the long winter evenings, "poker" was naturally played, but, instead of joining in the game, he would often sit at one side and sketch his comrades. In this way he acquired a certain facility in the use of the pencil. One winter's night, when the snow was deep on the ground, a lot of people drove to the farm, moved the stove from the middle of the room, cleared the furniture to one side, and proceeded to have an impromptu dance. Mr. Hassall made a sketch of it, which he sent to the *Daily Graphic*. In due course a cheque came back. When he opened the letter, "the farmer" said, "Why, this is a long way more profitable than farming! Why don't you go in for it?" "I will," said Mr. Hassall, and he forthwith sold everything he had and returned to Europe.

He went to Antwerp to study for two years, and to Paris—at Julian's—for six months. Then he returned to Antwerp in order to paint two big pictures, "Birds of Prey" (a gambling scene) and "Temporary Insanity" (a girl about to commit suicide), both of which were in the Academy of 1894. Since then, however, he has practically done no oil painting, the only exception being one or two little portraits which he records as "of no account." He next took up black-and-white, but it was with poster-work he first made his great "hit." He had for some time been collecting posters, but with no ulterior idea of working at them himself. One day, however, he got a circular from a firm of printers asking if he had ever done any. He picked up a couple of sheets of notepaper, made some sketches, and sent them. The result was a commission to do a poster for

"The French Maid," then starting its successful career—a poster which everyone will remember for its suggestive ingenuity, as it represented a foot kicking up through a mass of billowy petticoats. The first "hit" came, however, with the poster for "Newmarket," at the Opéra-Comique. It represented two figures in the foreground, with some horses racing on a hill in the back. A young lady, an enthusiastic collector of posters, was greatly struck with it, and went off to a poster-selling firm and explained that she wanted "the poster which represented two people standing against a wall with some cats on it." She got the poster, all the same.

There are two peculiarities of the art of Mr. Hassall, yet it is safe to say that so cunningly does he work that few even among his ardent admirers have noticed them. The first of these is that he never by

any chance draws a hand if he can possibly help it, as he also always avoids drawing a neck. It is not with any desire of shirking difficulties, for he has a perfect passion for studying hands and has worked more at them than at any other portion of the figure, his record running into thousands of studies with the fingers and palm in every possible attitude. How skilfully he can contrive to construct a picture and yet avoid showing the hands is evinced in a large canvas representing a *Punch-and-Judy Show*. In this there are no fewer than sixty-one figures, yet not a single hand is to be seen. Again, in another picture exhibited at the Royal Institute there are hundreds of figures, but not a single hand shows, the few that are to be seen being covered with leather gauntlets. In the Institute this year he has painted a picture of "The Morning of Agincourt." This represents the ragtag and bobtail of the army, with stakes which they stuck in the ground in front of them—a splendid device, for when the French army came on only three soldiers succeeded in getting through the first charge. In this, too, hands are conspicuous by their absence.

Just as easily as he contrives to conceal the hands does Mr. Hassall conceal the neck of his figures by the use of a muffler, a boa, or some other device. He has just done a series of twelve post-cards, representing games that are played in each month of the year. There are sixteen figures in each card, but only three bare necks are to be seen in the whole lot of the figures.

In his studio Mr. Hassall has a wonderful collection of "curiosities," brought from all parts of the world, most of them gathered by his brother, Captain Owen Hassall, but not a few obtained by himself. Notable among them is a collection of bad coins passed on him when he was a student in Paris. It has been made into a chain and is seven feet long. Seven feet of spurious coins would be sufficient to disgust most men, but, in spite of them, the artist has only the kindest feelings for the City of Light and her volatile inhabitants, among whom he spent so many happy weeks and months. On his book-shelves, which fill up one side of the studio, there are many volumes he has illustrated, and many more for the backs and covers of which he made the pictures. Not the least interesting thing connected with the book-shelves is the false shelf which hides the door. False shelves are common enough in most libraries, but this is unique, as it is made of brown paper, the divisions between the books being made by a line of paint, and the titles being formed by letters cut out and gummed on. The whole door is replete with ironical or delicate humour, from the top shelf, where a supposed novel, entitled "The Lock Keeper," covers the lock, to the bottom shelf, on which there are two enormous volumes, "Painting Made Easy" and "The Royal Academy Pocket-Book."



MR. JOHN HASSALL AND HIS CHILDREN.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

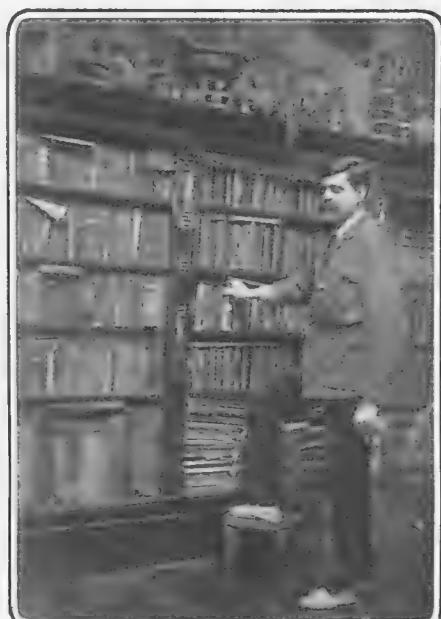
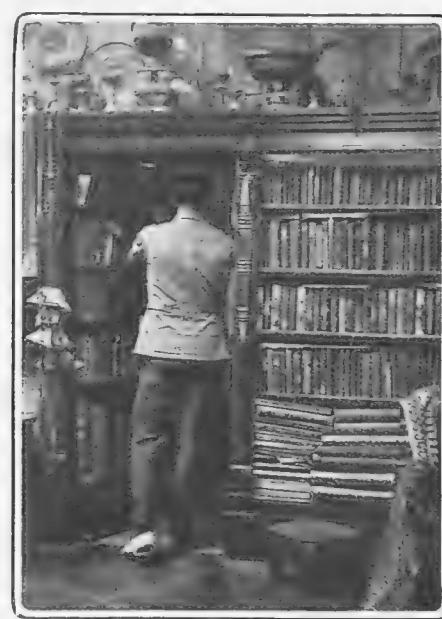
XXXIX.—MR. JOHN HASSALL, R.I.



"HERE YOU SEE ME AT WORK WITH A PEN."



"AND HERE WITH A BRUSH."

"THIS IS MY PICTURE FOR THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.
I CALL IT 'THE MORNING OF AGINCOURT.'""ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A FEW
POSTERS.""PARDON MY MENTIONING IT, BUT I DESIGNED
ALL THE COVERS FOR THESE BOOKS."

"SOME OF THEM, YOU OBSERVE, GIVE WAY."

"WOULD YOU CARE FOR A LITTLE LOOT? IN
OTHER WORDS, A PICKING FROM PEKIN.""LIKE DUDLEY HARDY, I HAVE A SHORT WAY
WITH INTERVIEWERS."

"THANK GOODNESS, IT NEVER FAILS!"

"THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE."

WHEN Tennyson wrote of the spot "where lovely Monaco basking smiles," he was certainly giving but slight thought, if any, to the tree-lined promontory now known as Monte Carlo, which has been described, with more reason than is generally the case when such definitions are needed, as "The Playground of Europe." The famous gambling establishment has been described to satiety, though, by the way, rarely with any truthfulness of description, for, alas, perhaps, that it should be so, the Monte Carlo of reality is in no sense the Monte Carlo of the novelist or of the journalist in search of "copy." The fact remains, however, that many of the visitors to the Principality who might be better employed elsewhere spend more hours of each day than is good for their soul's health in the great, gilded saloons.

Just now, the French Squadron under the command of that popular and brilliant naval officer, Admiral Pottier, is adding yet another attraction to the blue Mediterranean waters, and especially to that lovely inlet which has been known for over a thousand years as the Bay of Hercules, for, according to legendary lore, the mighty Greek hero once found his way there from the open sea. The eye can

nothing. The State apartments are much what other State apartments are wont to be, but those who have the good fortune to penetrate further into that portion of the Palace where are situated the private apartments of the Prince realise that they are in the haunts of a man of extreme cultivation and original power.

The Principality has become, in a true sense, the "Playground of Princes." Even those Sovereigns and Royal personages who do not actually possess villas within the narrow boundaries of Monaco make a point of acquiring residences within a short drive of Monte Carlo. This is the case even with the Empress Eugénie, who has never been seen to pass through the doors of the Casino, and who only comparatively rarely drives through the Great Square, which is filled at almost all times of day and evening with a gay cosmopolitan throng coming and going from the gambling-rooms or the concert-room. Her Imperial Majesty now spends a considerable portion of each year at her quaintly named home, the Villa Cynros.

Not so very long ago, the lovely wooded promontory known as the Cap St. Martin was without a single building; the woods sloping to the sea were famed among local sportsmen, and occasionally some



SIR J. WILKINSON (GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY) AND LADY WILKINSON.
PHOTOGRAPHED AT MONTE CARLO BY C. CHUSSEAU-FLAVIENS.



rest on few fairer scenes than that which meets it from the deck of a French man-o'-war riding at anchor just outside the bay. On the left rise the frowning yet flower-covered slopes of Monaco, crowned by the Palace of romance dear to every reader of Dumas *père*, and interesting to all those Englishmen and Englishwomen who care for the romance of history and who know that in a stately room with an illimitable outlook towards the Esterelles a British Prince, that Duke of York who was brother of George III., died with tragic suddenness while making the Grand Tour.

Wise is the visitor to Monte Carlo who can snatch a few hours from the entrancing *salles de jeu* to spend an afternoon in old Monaco. A great artist once exclaimed that it was a sad mistake to spend a few days in Monaco before paying a first visit to Italy, for the tiny capital of the smallest Principality in the world has remained much as it must have been a couple of hundred years ago, and, whereas Monte Carlo represents everything that is most modern and most up-to-date in the widest sense of the word, Monaco is still plunged in mediævalism. The very cannon on the Great Square, of which the southern side is formed by the Palace, were old in the days of Louis XIV., which great monarch presented them to the reigning Grimaldi. Each year there journey to Monaco learned scholars and historians, who are well aware that there, in the archives of the Palace, may still be seen countless treasures of which the outside world knows

good walker who delighted to tread untrodden paths would leave Monte Carlo and thoroughly explore the charming spot. Then came the news that a great hotel was about to be built at Cap Martin, and, to the surprise of those who considered that no hostelry, save within a stone's-throw of the Casino, had any chance of being a success in that neighbourhood, the palace-like hotel proved an instant success, and gradually caused the whole of the promontory to be divided up into beautiful small estates, one of the first to realise the special charm and health-giving properties of Cap St. Martin being that most romantic and pathetic of modern historical figures, the Empress Eugénie. The Villa Cynros—"Cynros" is the old Greek name for Corsica—was built under its Imperial owner's own supervision. Italian rather than French as regards general architecture, the glazed *loggia* and reception-rooms face the blue Mediterranean, and from the Empress's sitting-room she and her Lady-in-Waiting can reach the beach of the tideless sea in a few moments.

High above Monaco, Monte Carlo, and the Cap St. Martin winds the Corniche Road, along which so many of our great countrymen and countrywomen have travelled in the past. Desereted for some fifty years, this lofty mountain-highway is now once more frequented, for life in high altitudes has become the fashion, and many a visitor to Monte Carlo ends his sojourn in the Sunny South with a few days at La Turbie.

MONTE CARLO, THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE:
SOME INTERESTING VIEWS.



PALACE OF MONACO: "LA GALERIE D'HERCULE."



THE PRINCE OF MONACO'S FAVOURITE WALK IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE.



"LA VILLA CYRNO'S," EMPRESS EUGÉNIE'S RESIDENCE AT CAP MARTIN.



Admiral Pottier.

ADMIRAL POTIER (COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON) ON BOARD THE CRUISER "ST. LOUIS."

Photographs by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

M R. JOHN LANE is to bring out his collection of letters by Jane Welsh Carlyle on April 28. I have been favoured with a sight of the volumes, and am particularly delighted with the illustrations. The portraits of Mrs. Carlyle are admirably reproduced. Hers is a face that does not grow on one. There is also an admirable portrait of the imperious and masterful countenance of the first Lady Ashburton. Sir James Crichton Browne's Introduction is long and elaborate, and written largely from the point of view of a specialist in mental diseases. Perhaps, when all is said and done, there is very little mystery about the Carlyle troubles. Given a childless couple, both very conscious of ill-health and equally conscious of their own merits, each with a great power of sarcastic, bitter speech, and the results were inevitable. The wonder is they were not worse and that the two held together all those years with a genuine regard for each other. Add to this that they were wont to commit their grievances to paper and enjoyed doing so. If their quarrels had been confined to mere words, they would have been forgotten long ago—or rather, not known. The Carlyles, in that case, would have gone down to history as a couple almost ideally congenial.

Mr. Lane thinks that he has discovered a new humorist in the person of Mr. Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson. His book, which will be published shortly, is said to be as full of humorous complications as "Vice Versa," and a great popularity is confidently anticipated. It is quite time we were discovering a few more new authors.

Mr. George Allen's Library Edition of John Ruskin's works promises to be satisfactory. It will run to thirty-two volumes, of which two thousand and sixty-two copies are printed for England and America. Ruskin's writings remained during his lifetime in all sorts of size and form, in various stages of completion, and often in inaccessible hiding-places. In this edition everything is included, even a minute collation of variants. The object of the editors has been to put the readers of this edition in possession of a complete collection of Ruskin's published works. They have also included some new matter, but they do not profess to print Ruskin's letters and diaries in full. It is very much to be hoped that these will follow. What has become of the complete edition of Lord Macaulay's diary promised long ago? Few books would be read with more interest.

There is an interesting correspondence in the *Author* on "Fiction for the Million." It has been stated that there are many writers who, without much effort, earn from two thousand to three thousand five hundred pounds a-year regularly by the production of serials.

These serials are not successful as books—in fact, they are very rarely re-published. But in these days, when daily newspapers are taking to the publication of novels, and when there are so many weekly periodicals, there is a great chance for the serials. These statements are undoubtedly exaggerated. Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton, who knows what she is writing about, points out that the highly paid serial-writer most increases, or, at least, conspicuously maintains, the circulations of the journals in which his stories appear. He must hold what he has won against all comers, or his success and his income will fail and fall altogether rapidly and irrevocably.

The person who embarks upon the business of writing serial novels in order to gain a large income must have, besides a natural gift for writing, "the gifts of almost tireless industry and energy, a quick and practically bottomless invention, dramatic force, and robust health to stand the strain of regular, unflagging hard work." Of these there are very few, not over half-a-dozen in all, and I should say, without much hesitation, that two thousand pounds a-year is the limit of their income. The number of persons who earn more than a thousand pounds a-year, taking one thing with another, in literature and journalism is exceedingly small. On the other hand, there are many who struggle on and do their best, and never get beyond a precarious pittance. What is interesting in the situation is that novels which raise the circulation of periodicals by the ten thousand will not sell a thousand copies when printed in the ordinary form. There must be some way of bridging the gulf. The possibilities of the sixpenny novel are, perhaps, not yet exhausted. In this connection, it is interesting to note that Messrs. Methuen are issuing a sixpenny edition of Cary's "Dante."

The great illustrated History of English Literature, by Dr. Gosse and Dr. Garnett, is nearly complete. It will be illustrated on a scale of unprecedented magnificence with many coloured plates, etchings, and photogravures. Something like £10,000 has been spent upon it. The first

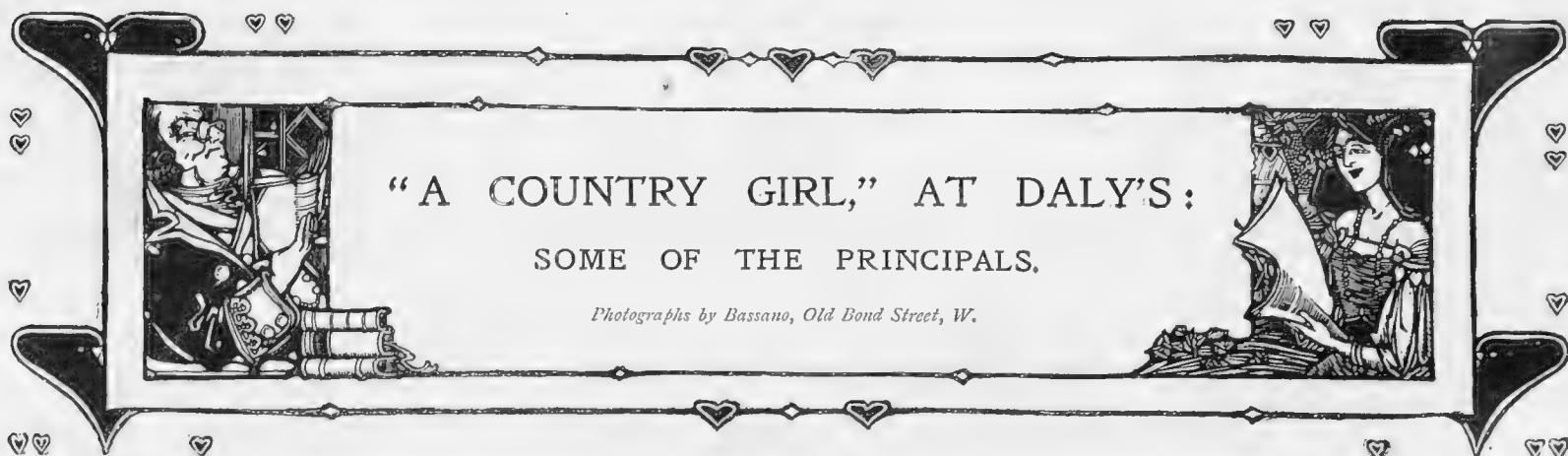
and third volumes are ready for publication, but Mr. Heinemann inclines to issue the whole four volumes together in the Autumn. The price is only £3, very moderate for so magnificent a work. In America the publishers will be the Macmillan Company.

I note with regret the death of two daughters of Dr. Robert Chambers. Mrs. Dowie passed away on March 31 and Mrs. Lehmann on April 1. Both were daughters of Robert Chambers by his first wife, an exceptionally clever woman and a brilliant pianist. She was often brought into her husband's essays under the name Mrs. Balderston. Mrs. Lehmann was mother-in-law of Mr. Barry Pain.

O. O.



"POPPING THE QUESTION."—II. THE EARLY EGYPTIAN STYLE.



"A COUNTRY GIRL," AT DALY'S:
SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS.

Photographs by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



NAN (MISS EVIE GREENE) AND COMMANDER CHALLONER (MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN).



"A COUNTRY GIRL," AT DALY'S.

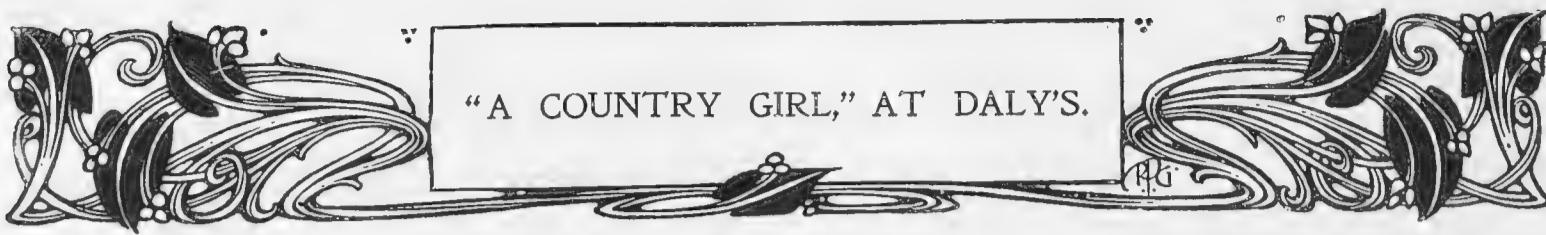


BARRY (MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT).

"A COUNTRY GIRL," AT DALY'S.



MR. RAIKES, THE RAJAH OF BHONG (MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON).



GRANFER MUMMERY (MR. WILLIE WARDE).



MISS CARRUTHERS (MISS TOPSY SINDEN).



MARJORY (MISS OLIVE MORRELL), THE PRINCESS (MISS AILEEN D'ORME), AND COMMANDER CHALLONER (MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN).

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"ROVING HEARTS."
By K. AND HESKETH PRICHARD.
(Smith, Elder. 6s.)

which sound the sorrowful note, such as "A Divine Flame" (which describes a race between death and the achievement of a work of genius) and "The Fever Queen," yet the authors are at their best in their humorous work, particularly exemplified in "The Flying Squadron." This tells how the "Haytian Republic saw fit to initiate a war against Russia, Germany, France, Italy, Sweden, Norway, and every other Power with the exception of England and the United States of America!" For this purpose they purchased as the nucleus of their Navy the "Susan Wroxham" out of Cardiff," wooden ship, single screw, fifteen hundred tons gross register, and a speed—on paper—of ten knots, re-christened the *Foudroyant* by the ingenious Haytians. Alas, poor battleship! Not for her the valiant sinking 'neath the batteries of an overwhelming naval squadron, but an ignominious settling-down to a watery grave after collision with a cargo-boat! In quite another vein, but equally amusing, is "The Evangelist of the *Cardemum*," who, setting out to teach others, was taught by the excellent crew of the *Cardemum* more than he ever thought he needed to learn—and was, indeed, a better man for the knowledge. As for "Smoxford's Atonement" and "The No-Good Britisher," there's enough of the Wild West in these stories to terrify in its realism. For the matter of that, every one of these sketches—and many of them are scarcely more than sketches—is worth reading.

"THE LADY OF THE CAMEO."
By TOM GALLON.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

absorbing. The story of a young girl whose fortune has been stolen by fraudulent trustees, and who lives with a lunatic brother in a remote village, where she is the object of suspicion among the gossips of the place, affords Mr. Gallon plenty of scope for his imagination; but one can hardly take seriously the scandalised elderly maiden lady who, after watching the house in drenching rain, follows the heroine to the village inn at midnight, in company with an unwilling and very damp male admirer. Why the heroine is abroad at such an unseemly hour is not quite satisfactorily explained, and, since she is a modest girl and has good reason to distrust the man she has come to see, it is, to say the least, improbable that she would, at the invitation of the villain, given from his window, open a door from the street which leads by a staircase to his rooms, to ascend and be let in by him. Even in village inns, one may remark, unlocked doors leading from the street are comparatively rare. However, the maiden lady follows, accompanied by her wet and timid escort, and, when the light goes up—for all has been in darkness hitherto—the villain lies murdered, the heroine has disappeared, the damp and dismal gentleman has bolted, and the maiden lady, not unnaturally in such trying circumstances, is discovered kicking her heels in hysterics on the floor. It is all very curious, and even funny, but it is not what one expects from Mr. Gallon. He can do much better than this.

"THE ARCADIANS."
By J. S. FLETCHER.
(John Long. 6s.)

Mr. Rhodes for aiding and abetting by the provision of pictures of delightful country-houses; the third to Mr. Long for making matters even less endurable than they might have been by not postponing publication until the season when it is possible for most to obtain a little temporary freedom from the fetters of city life and to emulate *cervus* rather than *servus*. Mr. Fletcher has evidently felt—for surely there is something of autobiography in his sketches—as Mr. Dooley's "three-meal-a-day" literary man felt: "What's a big, sthrong, able-bodied, two-hundhred-an'-tin-pound, forty-four-acrost-th'-chest creather like me doin' here, pokin' these funny hireyoglyphics into a piece iv pa-aper with a little sthick? I guess I'll go out an' shoe a horse," and he has tested the Arcadian life with the thoroughness and helplessness of the true Londoner. If the test has failed under the strong influence of memory and the discovery that at the best only Arcadia-and-water is now to be found, the record of the experiment is none the less an oasis in the wide-spreading desert of problem-novels. Mr. Fletcher's style is pleasant, and its resemblance to that of certain of the old poets and essayists is accentuated by the adoption of the method of nomenclature favoured by many of those worthies; instead of the John Brown and Aubrey de Vere of modern convention, we have Mercurius and Placida, Strephon and Corydon, with much benefit to

Whether it is due to the joint authorship of this volume, the style of these short stories, the manner of telling, and the subject-matter are so delightfully varied that this collection is especially readable. Excellent as are those tales

the production as a whole. Altogether, this record of the doings of a genial philosopher, cynic, and sentimental is very welcome and will meet with many friends.

"JOHN GAYTHER'S GARDEN
AND THE STORIES TOLD
THEREIN."
By FRANK STOCKTON.
(Cassell. 6s.)

Without any desire to contravene the accepted dictum, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," it may reasonably be stated that the humour of the late Mr. Frank Stockton is an acquired taste. Undoubtedly, he was a humorist, but the reader who desires to appreciate his work thoroughly must be prepared for all sorts of whimsicalities and extravagances. In this old country, we like our humour rather simple and natural; at the same time, we are ready enough to laugh at the wilful eccentricities of our cousins. "John Gayther's Garden," the posthumous volume under review, contains a number of yarns that will appeal very strongly to the late author's many admirers. A good idea of the contents of the book can be formed from the description of John Gayther, the imaginative gardener: "He was an elderly man, and the gentle exercises of the garden were suited to the disposition of his mind and body. In days gone by, he had been a sailor, a soldier, a miner, a ranchman, and a good many other things besides. In those earlier days, according to his own account, John had had many surprising adventures and experiences; but in these later times his memory was by far the most active and vigorous of all his moving forces. . . . Whenever he wished it to turn and point in any particular place or direction, it so turned and pointed."

ON THE TABLE.

"The Gap in the Garden." By Vanda Wathen-Bartlett. (Lane. 6s.)—A modern novel.

"Butler's Hudibras." With an Introductory Note by T. W. H. Crosland. (Greening. 2s.)—A very compact little edition, printed on good paper. "Adorned with Cutts designed and engraved by Mr. Hogarth."

"Near the Czar, Near Death." By Fred Whishaw. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)—An exciting story of Russia in the days of Peter the Great.

"The Water Babies." By Charles Kingsley. (Macmillan. 2s.)—This is a charming addition to Messrs. Macmillan's "Illustrated Pocket Classics," and the volume contains no less than one hundred illustrations by Linley Sambourne.

"An April Princess." By Constance Smedley. (Cassell. 6s.)—The publishers tell us this is the story of a unique Princess living incognito in London and at Cookham and by the Cornish coast. The book is chiefly noteworthy as presenting for the first time the author—already known as a dramatist—in the light of a novelist.

"Poems by Percy Bysshe Shelley." With an Introduction by Alice Meynell. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)—The latest volume of "The Red Letter Library."

"A Philosopher in Portugal." By Eugène E. Street. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.)—Impressions of Portugal treated in a very light vein.

"The Book of Months." By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann. 6s.)—Written in the first person and divided into twelve chapters chronicling the events of interest to the writer which happened in each month.

"The Manxman." By Hall Caine. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. A Cheap Edition.)—The author claims for this book that it was the first "to challenge with success the old, unnatural practice of publishing novels in three volumes."

"Thoughts from Maeterlinck." Chosen and Arranged by E. S. S. (Allen. 3s. 6d.)—A collection of extracts from Maeterlinck's plays and books.

"His Grace's Grace." By C. Ranger Gull. (Greening. 6s.)—The tale deals with the life and sensations of a young man at Oxford who is also one of the first noblemen of England."

"The Man who Died." By G. B. Burgin. (Everett. 3s. 6d.)—A middle-class comedy.

"Botticelli." By A. Streeter. (Bell. 5s.)—The latest volume of the series "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture."

APRIL THE NINETEENTH.

Once more gray London plays, supposing
'Tis young again and goes primrosing.
Puritan blossoms, prim and pretty,
Make conquest of the grimy City,
And every coster's basket shows
Pale-yellow posies, rows on rows;
Dark alleys like green hedgerows flower,
And many a sad-faced woman glows—
Glad of the sudden golden shower
As was Danaë in her tower.

April is here with all her dower
Of clouds that gleam and clouds that lower,
A country smell is in the air,
And men and women are aware
Of new sap straining in the trees,
And Spring's imperious prophecies.
The sudden rainbow spans the sky,
And leaves are green that were so dry,
And hawthorn scents are in the breeze
And buds of whitethorn are unclosing
Now once more London goes primrosing.

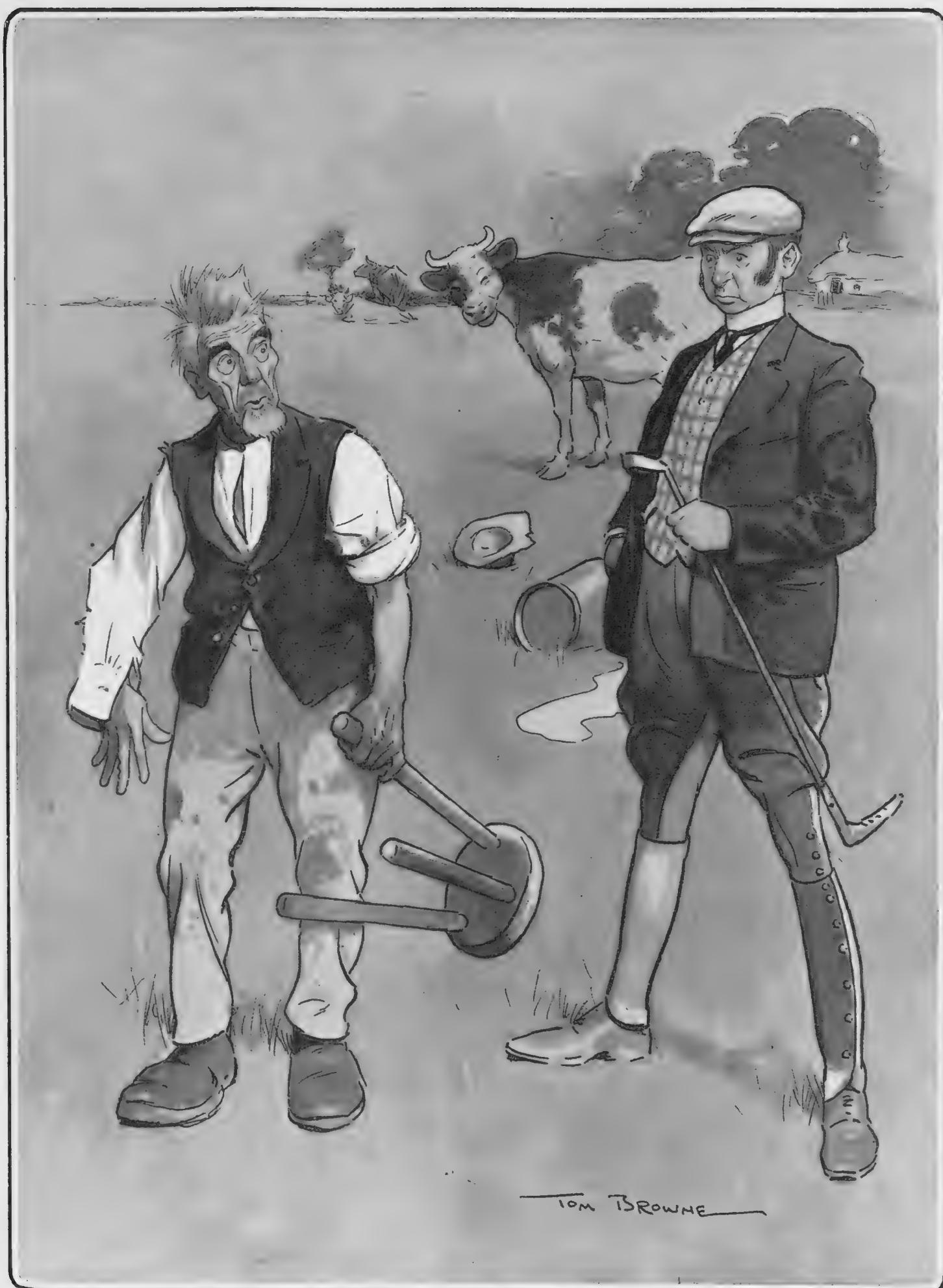
NORA CHESSON.

NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN HASSALL.



VIII.—“TRAINING INTELLIGENCE.”



THE RUSH TO THE COUNTRY.

FARMER: Well, what's the matter now?

AGRICULTURIST FROM LONDON: It's like this 'ere, guvnor: the bloomin' cow won't sit on the bloomin' stool.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

DOCTOR CARSON'S LAST CASE.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



I.

As he walked down the ill-kept road, with gale-stormed pine-wood on the right and grass-field stretching to the edge of the sheer cliff

on the left hand, with starless heavens above and pitiless darkness in front, the melancholy of that December night seemed to take physical form, as though to oppose the Doctor's advance. The legions of winter encompassed him on all sides. The south-west wind rushed through the moaning pines to buffet him; the heavy mist risen from sea and grass-land soaked his face and hands; the dreary cry of the plover in the grass sounded like some mystic lamentation of lost souls never heard before by mortal man. Despite his efforts, the Doctor's mood took its key-note from the surroundings, and, as he battled with the elements and steadily diminished the eight miles between him and his destination, uncalled-for recollections of his disastrous life peopled the mist with shadows.

When Neil Clark tapped at the surgery-door not half-an-hour before and begged him to hasten to his wife's bedside in the cottar's hut upon the hills, a battle with the drink was almost decided. The outposts of defence had been carried, a bottle had been taken from the shelf, the screw was in the cork, and then, above the howling of the wind, came the hammering at the door. The shepherd was drenched to the skin; his rusty bicycle, some out-of-date remnant of a past season, stood by the step caked with wet mud from handle-bar to hind-wheel. "The horse has gone lame," the Doctor had said; and then the man implored him, in a language he scarcely understood, to lose no time, offering him his bicycle, with many uncouth apologies for its condition. "I can't ride," he had replied, adding, with a great effort, "but I'll walk." So saying, he had put on his heavy boots and thick leggings, his water-proof coat and oil-skin hat, and, after scribbling a word to the housekeeper, had left the house. Once outside the door the shepherd's anxiety played havoc with his courtesy. "I'll awa, an' tell her ye'r comin' th' noo," he whispered, and was gone into the mists and darkness.

For one brief moment the mood of Doctor William Carson changed. Was it destiny that had stayed his hand through the medium of that shepherd's knock? Had Providence been mindful of the six weeks' total abstinence through cravings such as Tantalus never knew? Had his Guardian Angel heard the endless prayer of his sober moments? Perhaps Evelyn knew, and she, from some mysterious sphere, had invoked a higher power. She was pious enough; perhaps there was something in piety, after all. His memory halted round some lines from Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel"—

"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on Earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength,
And shall I feel afraid?"

His imagination pierced through the mist and cloud and pictured Evelyn as he had seen her last, but a moment later the scene was obliterated by a series of mental pictures whose contemplation gave him exquisite pain. He saw himself in the old College days at Balliol, when life stretched as fair as some garden in June-time, and his hopes were as boundless as the heavens and withal as high. The son of a minister who had married late in life, the cost of his education was a severe tax upon the family resources; only his constant acquisition of scholarships made the strain bearable. He would take his degree, as his father and grandfather and great-grandfather, all Balliol men, had done before him; then he would go to London to study medicine in the hardest and most honourable schools; the twilight of his parents' lives should be brightened by the sun of his noonday. They were halcyon years; all men respected him. Health, strength, and honour were his. He came to London congratulated by his Professors and friends; people said he would be heard of again in the new sphere he had entered. His physical gifts foretold the

successful surgeon; his introspective faculty and keen sympathy were those of the physician.

He turned a corner and met the full fury of the south-west wind for the first time. It plucked at him with a hundred hands, tossed the corners of his coat to and fro into shapeless knots, made him struggle violently for breath, checked his advance, and roared with mirthless laughter at his plight. There was at least a mile of this unprotected road before he turned from the shore to the hills, and for some moments the intensity of the physical struggle called for his greatest effort. Finally, he found his stride, and took up the thread of his recollection where the gale had snapped it.

London—how he cursed the Metropolis of the world and wished that the fate of the Seven Cities below the Dead Sea had overtaken it before it was born! He had gone there a bright, conventional, religious man, full of ambitions and the healthy conceit that makes them possible; he had left it a clever, free-thinking dipsomaniac, without family or friends, without hope in earth or Heaven. Five short years—what was in them to undo the steady, honourable work of nearly fifteen? He had been known for a clever man, had become a popular one; his splendid constitution and capacity for hard work had been his undoing. Self-reliance in excess had thrown all his varied capacities out of gear; the stimulant by which he sought to recover and renew his powers had overthrown him. Yet he had done well, and, as he recalled his accomplishments, self-pride came to his aid and he seemed for the moment to make light of the storm and the journey over the broken way. Was he not a Master of Arts and a Doctor of Medicine? Had not Oxford and London done him honour? Had not the poor people of the district he attended as a student worshipped him for his skill and kindness? The elation passed as rapidly as it had come. He suddenly remembered how his father had followed his mother to the grave, and the man who had no belief thanked God that they had passed away before his fall. Another scene had come to him: he was in the study at Harewood House, asking Sir Howard Macdonald's permission to make Evelyn his wife. The great doctor, with his iron-grey hair and clean-cut, resolute mouth, seemed to stand in the roadway before him. He heard the fateful words: "I cannot give my daughter to a man who has acquired the habit of drinking to excess." Then his secret was out—the secret he had hidden from all men so carefully that even Evelyn had never guessed it. This keen old man, whose skill in treatment of half-understood nervous diseases had won him a knighthood and a fortune, had diagnosed his case without any difficulty. "I did not know," he had gone on to say, in the same deliberate manner, "that your intimacy with my daughter Evelyn had ripened into an affection. I regret the fact exceedingly. If you will go away, leaving an explanation that, for certain well-considered reasons, I have been unable to accept you as a son-in-law, I will preserve your secret; and Evelyn will be ruled by me now, as she has ever been. Time will do the rest for both, if you will pull yourself together."

Those words did not sound so unreasonable now, but when they were spoken all was different. Was not the success of Willie Carson the talk of the medical world, or the part of it with which he was in touch? Who among all the men who surrounded Evelyn had brains or culture equal to his? He had been defiant, perhaps rude; he could not well remember now. It was all over, and Evelyn, in the one letter which never left him, had told him that her love, hope, and her prayers were with him always. He turned from the fury of the wind and passed at quicker pace along the steep road fringed with boulders leading by uneasy strips of rock and gravel to the hillside. It was a change from storm to comparative calm.

Well, Evelyn's body was in the cold earth now, and her soul, perhaps, was shining among the stars. All Sir Howard's skill had been worthless. For her sake, he almost believed in the immortality of the soul; she could not have been born to die in her twenty-fourth year and pass away wholly to the dust from which she came. His faith in modern science and Higher criticism received a sudden shock that all his heavy reading could not soften; this frail girl with a faith as strong as it was simple had shaken the very foundations of his unbelief. He was no sentimentalist, only a disillusioned man with sudden periods of excess and long intervals of repentance; a man who, for Evelyn's sake, would have been

superior to all temptations—at least, he thought so with sincere conviction; who, without her, was going downhill at breakneck speed. Three months ago she had died; he had seen two grave-diggers merrily completing their work, solaced with forbidden clay pipes, after the mourners had left the cemetery and he had stolen in there alone. Less than a month after this, he had accepted a post as *locum tenens* in this rough Galloway village of Brachhead, with a population of four hundred souls scattered over an area of nearly fifty square miles, of which more than half was unserved by the railway. Fresh air, constant activity, and cases that called for all his nerve and skill had kept him straight. The resident doctor had broken down through overwork, and, compelled to go at short notice, had accepted Dr. Carson's offer readily. Only during the last few days the old cravings had come again; to-night, by himself in the doctor's house, they had almost mastered him when the call came.

Far away in the distance a faint light was now visible, the first he had seen since the walk began. Quite unconsciously, he had risen above the area of the mist, the wind was behind him, and he had walked at a great pace. At the top of the hill the light was on his level; he opened a creaking gate and walked across rain-sodden fields, and then the faint outline of the shepherd's two-roomed cot-house was revealed in the light that streamed from the windows. For the first time, Dr. Carson felt fatigued; his thoughts had made him unconscious of every discomfort attendant on the journey; only now, when he again became alive to his surroundings, he realised that his strength had nearly gone.

"Ye've no been lang on the road," said a voice at his elbow. The shepherd stood by his side. "I've been watchin' for ye," he went on. "Ye've been gey quick, I'm thinkin'." So saying, he led the way to the cottage-door, opened it, almost pushed the Doctor through, and finally closed it again, remaining outside.

II.

The cottage was a stone one; the one door opened into the kitchen and living-room, and a rough screen of sheep-skins suspended from the line partitioned off the bedroom. The screen had been in part removed, apparently for the convenience of an old Irishwoman who sat on the one chair the room possessed, smoking a pipe and warming her hands over the peat-fire. The wind had been coming down the chimney and the pungent smell of burning peat was diffused throughout the room. As the Doctor entered the old woman rose from her seat.

"Och, Docthor darlint, ye've come thin!" she cried; "an' I told me pet ye would. Will ye be comin' this way, Docthor dear."

Dr. Carson made no reply, but took off his wraps and bent over the glowing peat to warm his stiffened hands. A kettle was suspended over it by a chain fastened on crossed sticks, and where he stood it was not easy to get warmth from the fire without facing the full flow of the steam. Soon the welcome heat-glow came back to him, the more readily because the chimney gave the only ventilation granted to the house. He turned for a moment with his back to the fire and stared curiously round the room, which he had seen before only in daylight; at the walls with the smoke-stained whitewash; at the gaudily illuminated texts that served, with a corn-chandler's almanack, to supply the decoration; at the black press in one corner; the sink, full of unwashed crockery; the small table, with the débris of the shepherd's supper; at the moon-faced clock whose solemn ticking defied the competition of the elements. Finally he said, "Come with me," and

passed to the inner room. There, on a low truckle-bed, lay a young girl who could not have been long out of her teens. Her yellow hair streamed over the pillow; one hand plucked ceaselessly at the shepherd's plaid that took the place of a counterpane; her voice rose now and again in a groan; she gave no sign of recognition as the Doctor entered. A chair, a jug and basin, and a square stool, with a pin-cushion and sundry other small articles, constituted the only furniture.

Dr. Carson seized the patient's hand in his, and turned, with a few brief questions, to the old woman.

"You have called me too soon," he said, and then, walking to the clothes-line that marked the partition between the rooms, he lifted the lighter end from the pegs which held it, so that clothes and skins fell in a heap at the other side. "The place is stifling," he muttered, more to himself than to the Irishwoman. He walked to the peat-fire. "Give her a cup of tea," he said, curtly, "and see she takes it. Where's Neil?"

"It's to the byre I've sent him," said the old woman. "Ere's r - place for 'im, savin' your honour's presence; but he goes up and down, an' divil a bit does 'e think o' slapin'. He's young. It was Phelim O'Connor did the same in me own day, 'fore any o' yez was born."

She busied herself with the tea, while Doctor Carson took various packages from his pockets and laid them on a tray, which he put down in the corner of the room, under the window. As he rose, he saw the shepherd's face pressed against the glass with an expression so full of anxiety that he made a sign to him to come round to the door, which he opened for some half-an-inch. "Now, my man," he said, "just go and lie down; you will do your wife no good by keeping up all night. I shall stay on here."

"Ay, Doctor, I'll awa' to the stedding," said the shepherd; but the Doctor knew quite well he would do nothing of the sort. Neil Clark was travelling rapidly to his fortieth year; he had spent sixteen of them alone on the hills, and had been married two brief years. For him the hours were heavy with a burden of life and death. The depths of his rugged nature were shaken for the first time in his life; he had lost his self-control. He went back to the shed and sat

motionless awhile amid the straw; his dog ventured timidly to lick his hands; finally, he resumed his march to and fro past the cottage, keeping further from the light. The wind had dropped, and long-expected snow was beginning to fall heavily.

Within the room, the young woman continued to moan; the Doctor, who had taken the chair from her part of the room, sat by the fire within full view of the bed; the old woman dragged the little table to his side. "We'll all be havin' a cup o' tay," she said, briefly. "Shure, it's a faint heart that takes no comfut." She washed two cups and saucers and found a big, cracked mug. "This 'ull do for me pet," she mumbled. "She wouldn't know the goulden bowl o' blessed St. Patrick this night, if the Saint brought it himself." The Doctor took a steaming cup of tea and waited while the old woman took the mug to the bedside. With a mixture of threats, flattery, and entreaties, she persuaded the girl to drink some of the hot, strong drink, and then came back to the fireside. "Och, Docthor," she said, as she took her place, "a cup o' tea's a consolin' thing when ye've no potheen. It's mesilf 'as berrit three fine men, that's 'ad ten chilfer, six dead an' three in the House an' one a fine lady in Dublin, but there's tay an' there's whisky goin' yet. Here's luck to Mary O'Connor," she said, "an' that's mesilf."



The drink fiend was in the room now. Ah! he was in the cup and was now in full possession of the man.

"DOCTOR CARSON'S LAST CASE."

[DRAWN BY A. S. FORREST.]

"Ay, ay!" she went on, staring straight through the Doctor as though he were invisible, "many's the marriage, an' the layin'-out, an' the wake that's come to Mary O'Connor's door; many's the strong young man these hands have fitted for the grave, and the babies too. An' I'm left the widow o' three, the mother o' ten, six under the ground and three in the House and one a fine lady in Dublin, bless 'er."

"What brings you here?" said Doctor Carson, briefly.

The old woman held up her hands as though in astonishment.

"Is it bringing me here, ye're askin'? Isn't Mollie yonder me own daughter's daughter? Wasn't 'er mother my Mollie that's gone to glory, ochone? Didn't I give 'er the very shawl she's wearin', the one in the corner there; didn't I bring the darlint into the world? An' p'raps I'll be layin' 'er out yet before I'm taken." So saying, the old woman tilted the last ashes out of her pipe, and looked at Dr. Carson with the curious mixture of cunning and merriment he had noted before.

"It's a little tobacca y'll be carryin' about ye, Docthor dear," she whispered, coaxingly; "just a few grains to fill a poor widdy woman's pipe. It won't 'arm' er on the bed; the tobacca always agreed with my family, the men an' women alike." Doctor Carson felt for his pouch, and tossed it into her lap. With infinite care and patience, the old crone filled her short pipe shred by shred; then she caressed the pouch in her thin, bent hands and handed it back to the lawful owner with a deep and genuine sigh of regret. A few whiffs served to comfort her. "Begorra, Docthor darlin'," she said, "the blessed St. Patrick might ha' smoked such stuff, an' Mary O'Connor must rest content with black plug, savin' yer honour's prisince, an' be thankful. Be aisy, darlin'," she added to the groaning girl in the corner, "an' there'll be no 'arm comin' to yez. I'll be as good as yer own mother to yez." She rose from the chair and tramped across the room, finally pausing in the corner behind the door, where some sheep-skins, a bucket, and a sack of potatoes were piled. For a moment she paused there; then one by one she shifted the skins and examined the heavy sack. Immediately after, with the eager haste of one demented, she began to take out the potatoes and throw them heedlessly on to the skin stretched at her feet.

"Come away! come away!" cried the girl from the far corner, raising herself on her elbow with a painful effort and sinking back as suddenly with a prolonged scream that startled even Doctor Carson, who was watching the elder woman in amazement.

"Kape a decent tongue, ye devil's limb!" screamed the old woman, turning to the bed in a fury. "Ye've been decaving y'r ould granny, bad cess to ye, but she's found it!"

"Found what, woman?" cried the Doctor, harshly, as he watched the shower of potatoes and noted how the shawl had fallen from the old woman's shoulders and how her thin, grey hair was flying loosely over her forehead.

"The potheen!" she screamed; "the potheen from Barney O'Reilly's own still, an' never told me, the little devil over there, and would ha' watched me drinkin'—ay, drinkin' tay in me ignorance!" As she finished speaking, she lifted a big stone jar in triumph from the sack and dragged it over to the fire, stumbling over some of the scattered potatoes and cursing them eloquently the while.

Dr. Carson felt a shiver run through him; woman and cask seemed dancing before his eyes; he sprang to his feet; for the moment his parched tongue refused its office.

"Put that away," he stammered; "I'll have no drinking here to-night. Do you hear?" he added his voice rising in intensity until it sounded like a scream. "Keep the damned thing closed!" He spoke in terror; the hot room could not keep him warm any longer; he was shivering; the hand he held out in denunciation shook as though a palsy had smitten him. The loud wailing from the bed passed unheeded. Mrs. O'Connor's little eyes blazed with rage as, bent double over the heavy jar, she turned her head defiantly.

"Docthor, are ye thrying to kape a poor widdy from a drap o' the comfut on a night like this?" She turned fully round, to get between the doctor and the jar, and continued, now in her most coaxing tone: "It's me own dhrink; I know the still it come from—the sly rogue, Neil, niver tould me. Docthor, you'll be thrying a wee drop of the crathur; shure it's good for the body and good for the sowl, for ould women like me and for a fine, strapping man like yerself. It's good for babes an' sucklin's; it'll do a power o' good to you, poor darlint."

With an action cat-like in its sly, sudden quickness, she bent over the jar and plucked out the cork with her teeth. Above the familiar odour of peat the sickly scent of crude spirit began to pervade the room.

"Do what you like," said Dr. Carson, suddenly, "but give none of it to her, and give none of it to me." He walked to the bedside and remained there for some few minutes, concentrating his attention upon the case before him by a mental and physical effort that shook him from head to foot. Mrs. O'Connor filled a cup with ardent spirit.

"Ah," she said aloud, "the very smell of ye is mate and dhrink to Mary O'Connor!" Dr. Carson shuddered. Despite his every effort, the old craving lost on the road had found him out. In his excited imagination, he pictured the drink fiend coming from the surgery over the hills, coming with slow, sure steps to the cot, reaching the window, and fixing its eyes upon the trembling victim. He had once seen a rabbit pursued by a stoat, and looked on with a purely scientific emotion at the terror that cramped the rabbit's action, destroyed its nerve, and gave it over, screaming with fear, to the sharp, merciless teeth. Now he felt that pursuit; every word from the other end of the room came to him with an awful distinctness; his throat was parching.

He tried to pray for help, but could articulate no words; he thought of rushing from the room, but between him and the door the grim temptation stood. For a moment longer he struggled; then, with a sob, he tottered back to the fireside, with thoughts and emotions chasing one another through his consciousness as waves leap and chase each other across the deck of some doomed ship sinking to destruction in a trough of a sunless sea.

"Begorra! ye've come to keep company with Mary O'Connor at last, thin," said the lady named, as she put a protecting hand over the jar. "Well, I bear no ill-will if you dhrink fair. The cup's beyond ye, thank ye kindly. We'll rinse with the crathur for luck. Dhrink, Docthor darlint, dhrink an' forgit y'r troubles, if it's any y'ev got."

The drink fiend was in the room now. Ah! he was in the cup and was now in full possession of the man, warming every limb, setting every nerve in a delicious tingle.

"Taken like a rale gentleman!" cried Mrs. O'Connor, triumphantly whirling her mug aloft. "'Ave another, me bhoy, an' we'll dhrink to Molly there. Be quiet, darling; hould y'r noise. Granny will stay wi' yez, an' the Docthor will see you through ivery throuble."

The Doctor took a second cup, and then a third, which robbed him of all further remorse or concern. He found himself wondering vaguely why the man who took that long walk from the surgery had remained cold and discontented so long; he chuckled over the foolishness. Mrs. Mary O'Connor had stood for a moment at the parting of the ways and hesitated between hilarity and remorse; she had elected to travel a short distance down either road, and had been overcome with the fatigue. Her snoring was interrupted by screams from the bed, recurrent at short intervals. Dr. Carson heard them without attention. "'For men must work and women must weep,'" he said aloud, as he pushed Mrs. O'Connor's prostrate body away from the threatening peat and re-filled his cup.

"John Barleycorn," he added, with a touch of extreme gravity, "John Barleycorn's been too mush for Willie Carson, Doctor of Art and Master o' Medicine; I mean Master o' Medicine an' Doctor of—I mean—I mean—" The mug slipped from his hand with a crash upon the stone floor; he fell into a deep sleep.

The lamp burnt low, but a sudden flicker of flame from the peat embers lit the little room. For a while there was silence, broken only by the stertorous breathing of the man and the woman; then the girl's shrieks, redoubled in the intensity of agony they expressed, broke out anew. The shepherd's long vigil was again disturbed; he came to the window and peered in, but the light was dim. He saw Dr. Carson by the fire, and thought Mrs. O'Connor was by his wife's side. "Neil, Neil, Neil!" screamed the voice, and then great fear and shame fell upon the man; he turned and ran, ran out towards the bare hilltops whose nakedness only the snow could cover; ran, trembling, away from the voice of her he loved dearer than life; ran, heedless, up the sheer Brae Rock that looks over a boulder-strewn bed where the torrent roars seaward two hundred feet below.

Within the cottage, the lamp died out, smothered in smoke, but for a time the peat faced the gloom boldly. The cries had become awful, as pain gripped the yellow-haired girl; finally they had subsided into gasps and gurgles and disappeared in one long-drawn groan. In the other corner of the room, Mrs. O'Connor slept more easily, and the Doctor made no noise. The hours were passing towards dawn, laden with a golden dream. He wandered in a garden, amid quaint paths by the side of century-old lawns, whereon peacocks flaunted their beauties in the sun; he read the hour of his coming on a sun-dial, and passed from the trim lawns to the rose pleasaunce. Slowly all things changed; the roses withered and fell from their stems before his eyes. He ran on, striving to reach some unknown haven before the coming storm; the sky was overcast and the east wind was rising. The way lay seemingly straight, but the rose-garden had become a maze, and he did not know the secret of it; his goal, ever in sight, was always beyond him. With a roar and a rush the storm came down, blotting out the garden; he screamed in agony and awoke.

Faint and trembling, he struck a match and dressed the lamp; then he coaxed the peat to a fresh blaze, emptying upon it the contents of the cup that Mrs. O'Connor had filled for her own use when nature gave way. All the heat seemed to have left the room; the chill that precedes dawn was heavy upon it. With a feeling of repulsion akin to sickness, he picked the cork from the floor and replaced it in the jar. Then he advanced, candle in hand, to the bedside.

"How are you now?" he said. There was no reply. He bent down and seized the hand that hung heavily from the disordered bed. It was cold and the pulse was silent. In an instant he had taken the jug of water from the bedside and dashed it over the prostrate Mrs. O'Connor, who still lay prone by the fire. The shock woke her effectually, and, without a word, he ran rather than walked back to the bed, almost beside himself in a frenzy of anger and despair. Mrs. O'Connor, in pitiable plight, limped to his side and burst into a wailing cry.

"Ochone! ochone!" she sobbed. "Me darlint's gone! Me darlint's gone!"

Dr. Carson rose from the bedside, and, without a word, put on his cloak and hat.

"Don't leave us, Docthor!" wailed Mrs. O'Connor. "Don't leave us now!"

"I can't stay," he said, huskily; "my work is over." He opened the door and faced the snow-covered hills, his eyes fixed on the point where the Brae Rock looked out over the waves.



A GOOD deal has been written concerning the date of the production of "Dante" at Drury Lane, and all sorts of dates have been either definitely given or sagely predicted. Sir Henry Irving, however, even now he has recovered and has begun supervising the rehearsals, assures me that the play cannot possibly be given till at least the end of this month or the beginning of next. Sir Henry adds that he does not intend to depart from his old Lyceum rule, which was never to announce a production-date until he sees every possibility of everything being ready for that date, and that there will be no postponements necessary. Our leading actor-manager detests postponements, and has, ever since he was "resident stage-manager" (as well as "heavy lead") at the old Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, thirty-five years ago, always striven so to prepare his "staging" that, when a date is once fixed, it may, barring unforeseen accidents, be adhered to.

This "Dante" drama of Sardou's—or rather, by Sardou and Moreau, to mention the greater dramatist's seldom-mentioned collaborator—will form, Sir Henry tells me, the chief dramatic feature of his next American tour, which starts in the autumn. In fact, for this tour and for a few provincial bookings which will precede it, Sir Henry will not, he reckons, need much other play-stock. Still, he will "carry" a few old favourites for occasional revivals, matinées, &c.—for example, "The Bells" and "A Story of Waterloo," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Louis the Eleventh," in each of which the great actor is ever welcome.

"The Chief," as his Company and staff always call him, rejoices that he has been able to secure such a noble stage as that of Old Drury to give him scope for the vast scenic effects he is preparing. As to the character of the marvellous Italian poet, Sir Henry seems to be "happy in it," as actors say, and to see fine opportunities for varied and vivid acting. I found him much amused, but, of course, pleased, being at that very moment bombarded with publishers' parcels containing all sorts of editions of Dante's divine comedy—editions which are already being asked for in the bookshops by those interested in this coming "Dante" drama.

With regard to the statements that have been made as to the inclusion of the Pope of Dante's period in Sardou and Moreau's play, Sir Henry Irving assured me that he never intended to have a Pope in the play at all—either to be put into the Inferno or otherwise. The writers of "Dante" certainly put the Pope into their stage Inferno, but Sir Henry promptly cut that Papal character, so as to avoid giving offence to playgoers of the Roman Catholic faith. Sardou has recently complained of this excision of the Pope from the "Down Below" scene in "Dante," but, as the play's adapter, Mr. Laurence Irving, went over and informed Sardou, in this matter Sir Henry is, like the Governor of Tilbury Fort in "The Critic," adamant.

It is not generally known that Sir Henry Irving some years ago accepted a play written around another great Italian, namely, the persecuted reformer, Savonarola, who plays so important a part in George Eliot's "Romola." This Savonarola drama is the work of our present Laureate, whose "Flodden Field" play Mr. Beerbohm Tree is to try (for "one night only" at present) in early June.

That somewhat naughty drama of Daudet's, namely, "Sapho," has been borrowed, *pro tem.*, from Miss Olga Nethersole (who holds the rights) by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who will, I am authoritatively informed, play the piece at the Adelphi, where she starts a season in June.

Miss Ellen Terry, with whose date of starting her season at the Imperial her old colleague and manager, Sir Henry Irving, was so

anxious not to clash, had, at the moment of writing, settled to begin her deeply interesting venture to-night (Wednesday), the 15th. The play chosen is, I may remind you, Ibsen's bold, not to say breezy, drama, "The Vikings." Those who see this play, or who may first peruse Mr. William Archer's English translation thereof in the volume containing also "Lady Inger" and "The Pretenders," will find that "The Vikings" has nothing of Ibsen's later "problem" form.

Miss Terry informs me that her second dramatic venture at the Imperial will be "Much Ado About Nothing," with, of course, herself as Beatrice. After that, you may expect to see the gifted and charming actress in a Shaksperian character of far more tragic import.

Strangely enough, I have just received tidings that Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who may be described as the Ellen Terry of America, has also resolved to presently impersonate not only Beatrice, but also the very same tragic Shaksperian character that Miss Terry has selected. I have promised Miss Terry that I will not at present "name" this tragic rôle.

In the meantime, "Mary of Magdala" is being played by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. This is, of course, the heroine of Paul Heyse's German "Scriptural" play, of which the Berlin Censor keeps prohibiting the public performance.

Another foreign play is imminent; that is to say, we are presently to see in London an English adaptation of a Dutch play. This is Heijerman's "Hoot Van Zegen," and it will anon be played by the Stage Society. Its adapter, Mr. Christopher St. John, calls it "The Good Hope." Let us hope it will be a good play.

Among other dramas adapted from popular narratives is yet another stage-version of "Lorna Doone." It would be interesting to try to count how many this version—to be played by Mr. Hayden Coffin—makes. I know of several English and American "Lorna Doone" plays which have been played either publicly or for "copyright" purposes. I have always understood that the only dramatisation "authorised" by the late author of this great story is that prepared a few years ago by Mr. Horace W. C. Newte.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson, whose recent rebuke to chatters at the play is apparently already bearing good fruit, will next Monday, the 20th inst., transfer his latest success, "The Light that Failed," from the Lyric to the New Theatre in St. Martin's Lane, Sir Charles Wyndham having arranged to go touring and to give "flying matinées" in the near and far provinces—until further notice.

The Annual Shakspeare Birthday Celebrations will start next Monday with the first of Mr. F. R. Benson's Company's fortnight's performances at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. On Monday "Hamlet" will be given, and on "The Birthday" "The Winter's Tale." The other Shakspeare plays of the series will be "Macbeth," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Perhaps by way of varying what may seem to some Philistine minds monotony, Mr. Benson will include two non-Shaksperian works in his this year's Stratford series. These are Mr. Stephen Phillips's tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca" (by permission of Mr. George Alexander), and "Rare Ben" Jonson's comedy, "Every Man in his Humour." Dickens students will, of course, remember that it was in this quaint but (to my thinking) somewhat overrated play—to be given by Mr. Benson next Tuesday—that the great novelist and his subsequent biographer, John Forster, were wont to act.

The other Shakspeare Birthday Celebration affairs include Mr. Israel Gollancz's lecture on the Bard at Burlington House next Wednesday, and the Elizabethan Stage Society's performance of "Twelfth Night" at the same place the next day, which is "The Birthday."



MR. STANLEY BRETT (BROTHER OF MR. SEYMOUR HICKS) AND MISS HILDA ANTONY IN "BLUE-BELL IN FAIRYLAND" ON TOUR.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

KEY-NOTES

THE twelfth and last of the present series of the Broadwood Concerts was given a few evenings ago at the St. James's Hall. The Halir Quartet played Schumann's Quartet in A Major in such a variable manner that at times one felt keen disappointment, while at other times one felt equally keen pleasure in their rendering



M. ÉMILE SAURET, WHO IS RESIGNING THE POSITION OF PRINCIPAL PROFESSOR OF THE VIOLIN AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

of the work. Mr. Leonard Borwick played a Bach Toccata in C Minor and three Scarlatti Harpsichord Sonatas with much delicacy, and Miss Gleeson White, who was the vocalist of the evening, sang with distinction.

The Stock Exchange Orchestral Society gave a concert at the Queen's Hall during the week, playing Beethoven's Fifth Symphony most successfully under the conductorship of Mr. Arthur W. Payne. They also played Saint-Saëns' "Suite Algérienne." Miss Edie Reynolds played the solo violin in Vieuxtemps' Fourth Violin Concerto for that instrument and orchestra. Miss Agnes Nicholls sang Weber's "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster!" most effectively. Under the direction of Mr. Munro Davison, the Male Voice Choir sang well, and the concert, on the whole, was in every way thoroughly successful.

Miss Minnie Tracey, who gave a recital the other evening at the Bechstein Hall, proved herself to be an artist who possessed both strength and style. Mr. Louis Pecskai was the solo violinist of the evening, he, with a customary courtesy, taking M. Gregorowitsch's place, who was unable to appear.

It is hoped that within a short time a sculptured memorial to the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, in the form of a bust by Goscombe John, will be placed in the Embankment Gardens. As in the case of Handel, in the Westminster Abbey, there will be a scroll on which will be inscribed a suitable text—both words and music—from one of the dead composer's works. It is good to think that there will thus be brought before the sight of all Englishmen a serious remembrance of one who has provided for hundreds of thousands of men and women of this country an enjoyment of the keenest and most artistic kind.

Those who are in authority at Westminster Cathedral are to be very seriously congratulated on the fact that, according to present arrangements, Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" will have its first London performance there in the early days of June. If the Catholic Cathedral were only somewhat more forward towards its completion, one would feel a considerably greater satisfaction in such an announcement; but, even as it is, there will be something peculiarly appropriate in Newman's great Catholic poem, set to music by a great Catholic composer, being given for the first time in London in the Catholic Cathedral that is slowly if surely nearing its final touches. The chorus will come from Yorkshire, the Amsterdam Orchestra will play, and Dr. Ludwig Wüllner will sing the part of Gerontius.

Good Friday Concerts are, one is bound to admit, very much of a muchness. The reason is, perhaps, not far to seek; the sentiment of Passion Week is one which, in these latter years, has been most particularly discarded and overlooked. Therefore, to those who desire to demonstrate that the celebration can still be made seasonable, a fall-back has practically to be made upon those compositions which were fruitful and abundant in what may be called the ages of Faith. Really, since Gounod, the solemnities of Holy Week have not been chosen as subjects of composition by any great musician, with the result that Good Friday music no longer brings forth novel master-pieces.

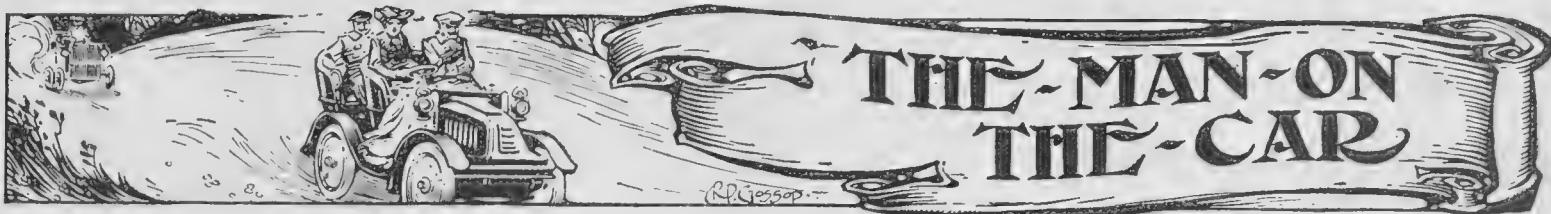
The Covent Garden Syndicate is clearly convinced, and without any awkwardness of hesitation, of the value from a financial standpoint of Wagner's "Ring." For here we have announced (as a coming event which must needs cast its shadow before, in the way of general influence) no less than three Cycles of the "Ring" before we be permitted to turn to what may be presumed to be the lighter work of the season. The Syndicate is manned by so business-like a body of counsellors that it is not likely that their policy will turn out anything but successful; but certainly, at a first blush, one is bound to say that to plunge "as down three cataracts," through layer after layer of Wagner's master-piece, as the prelude to a busy season has in it something of an oppressive sound.

COMMON CHORD.



M. VAN DYCK AS TRISTAN.

Photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York.



The late Count Zborowski—An Automobilists' Hotel—English and Foreign Cars—Lady Motorists.

THE sensation caused by the sad death of Count Zborowski, when driving his 60 horse-power Mercedes in the Nice—La Turbie hill-climb, is gradually subsiding, and automobilists, even those of nervous temperaments, are now looking upon the regrettable occurrence very much as though this plucky driver had met his death in the hunting-field, where he had taken even direr risks than those offered by automobile racing. It has already been notified that the Count was a man of undaunted courage and iron nerves, which served him in such stead that all his hunters were trained to take wire when carrying the Count with the various Midland packs with which he hunted. This characteristic of the dead sportsman, together with his apparent recklessness at the bad corner on La Turbie where Bauer met his death four years ago—the Count was hurled against the very same boulder-rock—may be ascribed to the fact that he was a fatalist, and believed, no matter how awful the risks he took, that the end would come only at the appointed time.

A week or two ago, I referred at some length to an automobilists' hotel *par excellence* at Worthing, but since then I have been accommodated at one much nearer town. Automobilists, like the cyclists of old, find much charm in the Ripley, or, perhaps, having regard to the range of automobilism, I should say the Portsmouth road, and on high-days and holidays cars pour out of London through Kingston-on-Thames all careless of the police-traps, and oblivious of the profound prejudice of the Surrey magistrates. Notwithstanding this large automobile traffic, I have not found one hotel between Kingston and Portsmouth wherein any special attempt has been made to provide for the requirements of automobilists, save at the "White Lion," at Cobham Street, the quaint village situate almost midway between Esher and Ripley, where the broad road sweeps to the right to cross the Mole by one of the most picturesque bridges in the country. The proprietor of the "White Lion" was an old amateur road-racing cyclist, is an experienced automobilist, and, knowing what automobilists require, has provided for them in no niggard way. There is ample housing for a dozen cars, one coach-house being provided with a dry and spacious inspection-pit, while in the centre of the coach-yard is a paved space upon which cars can be conveniently washed.

It is no less sad than true that amongst English automobilists is much more talk of foreign than home-made automobiles. The long start afforded our Continental rivals by national prejudice appears so to obscure the mechanical view of a large majority of our chauffeurs that you may as often as not hear some of them declare that nothing of automobile good can come out of England. Of course, this is all nonsense, born, too, in part of the curious leaning exhibited by so many Englishmen to appraise all things foreign over and above those of native manufacture. This idea is, of course, strongly supported by the crowd of importing agents who are represented in all classes of Society, who pose as experts and who spare no pains to run down any English car. And yet, if the truth is told, the most carefully considered, the best and most ingenious work, and the finest material employed in automobile building is found in the leading makes of British automobiles. I believe, and I am not alone in this belief, that when many of the at present much-vaunted foreign cars are scrapped and passed away, their English contemporaries will still be taking the road and running as well as ever.

If ladies are to conduct and drive motors with comfort and convenience, manufacturers must take steps to reduce the effort necessary to start the engine and de-clutch. A full day's driving on many cars will give most men what is known amongst drivers as clutch-cramp, a very painful and unpleasant affection of the muscles of the leg. Again, there are very few ladies who have sufficient strength to start up engines of anything like reasonable power; but it is surely not beyond the capabilities of our motor-mechanics to design and construct some means by which the engine-starting effort could be geared down and made possible for a lady to effect. If automobilism is to become practically popular with the fair sex, who do not desire always to drive about the country attended too closely by the leather-clad chauffeur, something of this kind will have to be done. I know that already there are lady automobilists who, driving light single-cylinder cars—4½ horse-power Renaults and the like—do not hesitate to leave the leather-clad youth behind and chance what may happen, but they are gifted with more courage and more automobile knowledge than is ever likely to be the lot of their sisters.



MR. S. F. EDGE ON THE CAR WITH WHICH HE WON LAST YEAR'S GORDON BENNETT CUP RACE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



CONSIDERING the importance of the Epsom Spring Meeting, it is strange that only two days are devoted to the fixture, the more so as it is a free-and-open meeting, one of the very few remaining in the near neighbourhood of the Metropolis. It is possible to stand on the top of the hill and see the racing quite well from start to finish, while I have often known many fast of foot who saw the start for the City and Suburban and then scampered across the Downs and got a good view of the finish for the race. Mr. H. M. Dorling has taken good care of the race-track during the winter months, and the going will be found to be perfect. The Stands and Rings are in apple-pie order, but the Paddock stands where it did, and I am afraid we shall experience the usual delays, despite the fact that the jockeys can now drive in carriages from the weighing-room to the Paddock. Of the thirty-eight entries for the Great Metropolitan, ten paid forfeit, but I expect to see a fairly large field at the post. This is, in my opinion, one of the prettiest races of the whole year to witness, and the publicans who patronise the first day of the Epsom Spring Meeting are no mean judges. I am told that Prince Florizel is very likely to win, but Florinda might be a danger, despite her penalty. For the City and Suburban, tips are as plentiful as tomatoes. I still have a great liking for Pekin and Uninsured. Yet a well-known Newmarket tout tells me that Tar Brush, better known as the Bruyere Colt, cannot be beaten. His form last year was fairly good.

According to rumour, a favourite for one of the big races run recently was found to have been got at. I pity any man who is discovered in the act of injuring a favourite. His portion would be penal servitude, as this would be an offence against the law of the land. It may be, by-the-bye, that more horses are prevented from winning through foul play than is known to the public. It will be remembered that, some years ago, a certain horse having an engagement in the North of England was found to have been poisoned; but the culprits were never discovered, although a big reward was offered for their detection. Trainers cannot be too careful with their charges, and they should not leave them unattended for a single second when away from home. Many scoundrels who go racing could be got to injure a favourite, but the question arises, Who is to pay them for doing it? No wonder ante-post betting is on the down line when it is possible to have the chances of favourites destroyed at the eleventh hour by foul means.

The poor jockeys who have to ride in all weathers sooner or later suffer from chronic rheumatism, neuralgia, and other aches and pains, the outcome of continually getting wet through. The flannel jackets worn by some of the steeplechase jockeys are an improvement on silk. They are warmer and are practically water-proof, whereas the silk jackets, when once they are wetted right through, are awfully cold and uncomfortable. I really do think the cross-country jockeys ought to don leather suits, somewhat after the fashion adopted by motorists. These are at least rain-proof, and they are warmer than a top-coat. True, they weigh heavier than silk, and do not allow quite so much play for the arms; but many cross-country jockeys have to carry lead under the

saddle, and it would be the making of the majority of them to keep their arms still. Anyway, I think a jacket might easily be made of very thin leather that would meet all requirements. The colours could easily be hand-painted on the garment, which would then look quite as tasty as silk, while it would be twice as comfortable. True, silk is cool in summer and warm in winter, like a thatched cottage and the "Tuppenny Tube"; but sodden silk is the height of misery, as many a poor jockey has found out to his cost.

The new arrangement under which boxes and Stand seats can be booked for the Ascot Meeting without extra fee is working well, and I am told the demand is a large one. Already inquiries have been made for houses in the neighbourhood of the Heath, and, indeed, all the best available properties have been taken for the race-week. The sport promises to be the best seen this season, and Major Clement has at last got the course entirely to his liking. Under existing arrangements the King and Queen will attend the meeting in State on the Tuesday and the Thursday, and the Royal Procession this year will "bang Banagher." The King will attend the meeting privately on the Wednesday and Friday, together with many members of the Royal Family. Of course, several of the Royal two-year-olds will run at the meeting, and I expect to see one or two of them successful. The event of the week should be the race for the Gold Cup. If William the Third and Sceptre both go to the post, I should give the preference to the first-named, on the principle of horses for courses.

The Duke of Portland's colt is one of the handsomest horses both in looks and action that I have seen for a very long time. His stride is remarkable, while he stays for

a week. I do not think that Sceptre would beat him over the Cup course, and, seeing the latter has an engagement in the Eclipse Stakes, she may decline the Cup and go for the Hardwick Stakes at Ascot.

I continually receive complaints from small backers who fail to receive their winnings from little starting-price men. It is a difficult task at the best of times to back winners, but, having found them, it is doubly hard to be done out of your winnings. It is now suggested to issue badges of respectability to bookmakers. Not a bad idea, by-the-bye. I think the Jockey Club should license all bookmakers. The late Mr. R. H. Fry tried to get them to do so, but his brother professionals failed to back him up in his agitation in this direction. However, under existing conditions, backers have often themselves to blame for losing their money, as they bet with any bookmaker, regardless of his standing. There are no end of respectable professionals at work, but they do not go into the highways and byways seeking for clients. They have to be singled out, and, when found, are only too glad to do business with honourable clients. If the Jockey Club decline to license bookmakers, they might, at any rate, start a Black List and publish the names of those layers who have been in default. It is no uncommon thing to see men betting in Tattersall's Ring who could not pay out a five-pound note at the start of business to save their pitch.

CAPTAIN COE.



MR. TOM BROWNE, THE ARTIST, ON HIS GREY MARE HUNTER "BLIZZARD."

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IF Time was made for slaves, holidays were equally invented for Londoners—by grace of St. Lubbock and others—judging from the concourse that poured out of town and into all other possible places during Easter. Cheap railway-fares and bicycles take the masses, motors the classes. But, whatever the mode of transit, there is only one visible determination on the part of all, and that is to get away from workaday surroundings into the sweetness and light of fresh fields and pastures new, even if the pasture be one that is trodden down to roots by many other herds. Change is the chief thing desirable nowadays, though our transitions are not always from Purgatorio to Paradiso. Gowns were much inclined to gaiety this Easter, and, wherever the weather behaved with even moderate mildness, its mood was responsively met by frocks and frills of exceeding captivation.

I noticed in Paris the other day that it is not so much the extreme novelty of material or colour as the extravagant accessories and ornamentation that typify the taste of the hour in costume. Tassels, fringes, and embroideries are intermixed with coarse lace and thick cord on the pale-pastel cloths of spring, until one is intrigued to discover where the material ends and embellishments begin. Especially is this noticeable on the spring coats, which are literally smothered in trimmings that are often of the most extravagant and eccentric. Gold cords, braids, and trimmings are again in use, but do not much appear *en plein air*, and are chiefly reserved for evening, when, in conjunction with gleaming silk mousselines and long pearl fringes, very picturesque effects are obtained.

Evening-gowns of tulle over taffetas have been introduced as a novelty—either closely gathered or covered with the lightest of jet sequins seen to be the favourite forms of this always fascinating material. A grey tulle frock, the bodice entirely gathered, was trimmed with long grey silk fringes on the skirt at a Lenten dinner-party last week; long "angel" sleeves edged with grey fringe and a belt of draped silver tissue were the features of this very striking yet subdued confection.



A NEW MODEL IN PASTEL-BLUE CLOTH.

Another inimitable "altogether" lately interviewed was a ball-gown of soft white chiffon embroidered with roses and foliage which has just come up from Nice in the baggage of a best friend. I went with her to order it three weeks ago at Redfern's smart new salons in the Palace Donadei, 7, Boulevard Victor Hugo. These rooms, ravishing



A VISITING-GOWN OF FACED CLOTH.

Copyright.

in mignonette and white, make a capital background for the beautiful gowns exhibited. A little coffee-coat was one of the trifles by which I was attracted the same afternoon: it was of thick Irish crochet overlaid with lines of black soutache braid set in wavy parallels; the border of white, lightly curled ostrich-feather completed a *chic* and most coquettish little garment. I am glad indeed the coffee-coat has not vanished from our midst. It is the most convenient form of demi-semi toilette invented and has a smartness all its own. Even its machine-made prototypes at 12s. 11d., or thereabouts, have failed to give that *conf-d-grâce* which the cheap shops confer on most new fashions, and the glorified coffee-coat survives. Long may it continue to do so!

At home, most of the smartly frocked women one sees and meets at race-meetings and other outdoor occasions are now groomed and gowned by Redfern; and at Leicester the other day I let a tip for the Billesden Handicap go by to follow a coat in hydrangea-coloured cloth which turned out to have been worn by a friend and built by Redfern. A graceful, dolman-shaped cloak, made of champagne-coloured cloth and adorned with the requisite number of ragtag and fashionable bobtails in cord and pendants which are now so much the mode, also made a good effect. In contrast to this was a black cloth sacque, lined with yellow satin and set forth with black-and-white embroideries, wide sleeves in new and indescribably smart contour completing the whole. Redfern had accounted for these and many other successful effects besides. 'The

firm seems to complete the circle of its popularity wherever placed nowadays, and deservedly so.

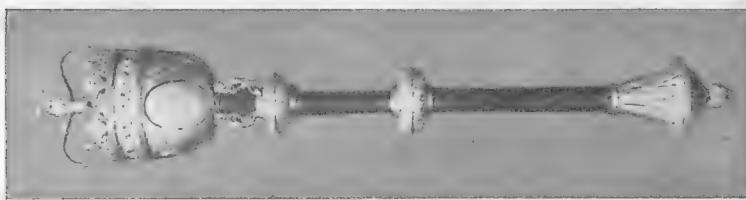
Two things that come in the Spring and bring their own welcome are the swallows and Aspinall's Enamel. Divergent as are their effects on humanity, no one can deny that the twitter of one and the glitter of another are agreeable factors in one's indoor and outdoor life. As a matter of solemn fact, I always look upon Aspinall as the grandfather of our present renaissance in domestic art. Was it not his famous tins of enamel that beautified the faded glories of our towel-horses, hot-water cans, kitchen-chairs, and fretwork photo-frames, long before the elaborate excesses of the higher domestic culture to which we are now uplifted arose? All housewives cherish Aspinall as a faithful friend. May his crimsons and turquoise-blues and all other tints and tones increase and multiply apace!

SYBIL.

The sale of "Our Homes and How to Beautify Them," by H. J. Jennings (Harrison and Sons), has already exceeded that of any other work on the same subject. A fourth edition is now in the press, and a special edition is in preparation for the United States.

Sir William J. Soulsby, Secretary to the Lord Mayor, recently received a letter from Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W., informing him that Mr. J. Newton Mappin, of Headley Park, Epsom, Chairman of the Company, had written from Biarritz expressing his desire to contribute all the plate and cutlery required for the outfit of the Union Jack Club. This generous offer has been gladly accepted by the Committee of the Club. The Lord Mayor, as is well known, is greatly interested in the scheme.

This mace has been presented by Principal W. Owen Williams to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, London. The handle is of ebony, and is embellished with a foot and two "knops" embossed with conventional ornament. The head and mountings are of silver,



MACE PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF VETERINARY SURGEONS.

richly gilt. From the upper "knop" rise four scroll brackets with griffins' heads, which support the bowl of the mace. The design of this part is emblematic of the various branches of veterinary science and of the position of the Royal College as the governing body for the United Kingdom. On three shields are shown respectively, chased in bold relief, groups of horses, cattle, and sheep. A fourth shield bears the inscription, in Latin, and the spaces between the shields are filled in with the rose, thistle, leek, and shamrock. A Royal Crown surmounts the bowl, the interior of which is covered by a plate bearing in relief the Arms of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. The mace was specially designed, to Principal Williams's instructions, and manufactured by Messrs. Thomas Smith and Sons, 47, George Street, Edinburgh.

The new turbine-steamer which is being built for the Newhaven and Dieppe service at Messrs. Denny's Yard at Dumbarton is making rapid progress, and is expected to start running in August. A remarkable record for the Channel services was made last month by the Brighton and Western of France Companies' boats between Newhaven and Dieppe. The morning boat-train arrived in London on every occasion during the month right on time, with the exception of one occasion, when, owing to bad weather, the boat was detained for an hour at Dieppe. The day services arrived at Victoria Station every day in March within five minutes of the booked time. This constitutes a record for the Channel services during the month of March.

It is customary, at dinners held in banqueting-rooms of the West-End hotels, for a photographer to put in an appearance during the evening, to endeavour to obtain photographs of the company. Most diners submit peacefully to the operation, but I hear that when a photographer turned up at the "Walnut Rooms" of the Grand Hotel to take a picture of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race crews, he had a reception which, although it added considerably to the picturesqueness of the scene, was not conducive to photo-taking, and he was forced to retire with a negative result. The dinner, according to the courses on the menu, seems to have been an excellent repast. The menu was a neat and artistic production, printed in light and dark blue, containing photographs of the Presidents of the Clubs, and the Arms of the Universities brought out in bright-gold relief.

Miniature Bisley was opened at the Crystal Palace on March 23 by General Ian Hamilton, under the auspices of the Society of Working Men's Rifle Clubs, a certain number of events taking place each evening, the whole concluding on April 1. Prominent among the events was the competition for the *Daily Telegraph* Challenge Trophy on Saturday, the 28th ult. This consists of a handsome silver Monteith bowl and plinth, manufactured by J. W. Benson, Limited, the silversmiths of Ludgate Hill, and bears the following inscription: "Presented by the Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* to the Society of Working Men's Rifle Clubs for Annual Competition."

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" CHALLENGE TROPHY.

The collection of Mr. George Douglas Brown's unpublished writings, to be edited by Mr. D. S. Meldrum, will contain essays on "Hamlet," Burns, and Meredith, with verses, short stories, and a memoir. It should appear very soon.

For some reason or another, the Spring publishing season has been dull. One eminent publisher describes it as the most "comatose" he has ever seen. There are, however, some books of interest, and the Autumn lists will be unusually full, although publishers are reticent as yet about their plans.

A little volume of letters by Robert Louis Stevenson has been published in New York. They are addressed to Mr. Haydon. It may be doubted whether Stevenson would care to see them in print. They contain franker expression of his views on certain questions of conduct than he was wont to give in public. In one striking sentence he says that most of our homes are unsatisfactory, and it is the duty of each inmate to make them brighter. Once, he says, he would have laughed at this view, but experience has brought him over to it.

American *Sketch* readers (and there are multitudes thereof) will be deeply interested in an article in the current issue of the *Fortnightly Review*. The article is entitled "Napoleon on America and the Americans," and is the work of Mr. Lew Rosen, a well-known American journalist in London. Mr. Rosen has made a life-study of Napoleon from almost every point of view. His popular book, "Napoleon's Opera Glass," dealing with that great General's theatrical associations, is about to be issued in a new and fuller edition.

A large number of ladies interested in the Charterhouse Mission in Southwark, headed by their Royal Highnesses Princess Christian and Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), and backed up by an influential Committee of gentlemen, are getting up a private Subscription Ball in aid of the secular purposes of the Mission, to be held in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, London, on Thursday evening, April 23. Herr Wurm's Viennese White Band and Herr Iff's String Band have both been engaged. Tickets, price one guinea each, and all further particulars, can be obtained through Mr. F. Girdlestone, of Charterhouse, Godalming.



H. W. STEVENSON IN
PLAY ON
ONE OF MESSRS. RILEY'S
WELL-KNOWN
BILLIARD-TABLES.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 28.

A THREE MONTHS' SURVEY.

TO a certain extent the sentiment prevailing to-day as regards the financial markets is curiously akin to that which characterised them at the beginning of the year. Hope, if not so high as it was in January, is certainly rising, in consequence of the faith which charitably credits the public with a deep desire to speculate and invest



VIEW OF THE CAMP AT MANTRAI.

as soon as the effect of the Easter holidays has worn off. The Money Market gives indications of affording Capel Court some slight relief from the high rates that have obtained for the past seven months. It was on October 2, 1902, that the present Bank Rate of 4 per cent. was fixed, after eight months of a 3 per cent. minimum. To the latter figure the eyes of all the markets expectantly turn, in anticipation that the popular 3 per cent. will shortly be resumed. Already its coming is partly discounted by the Consol Market and some of the other gilt-edged departments, although the following table gives a slight idea of the leeway still to be recovered before prices stand even at the levels which ruled when last year closed—

Stock.	Dec. 31, 1902.	Now.	Fall.
Consols	92 $\frac{3}{4}$	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{8}$
War Loan	98 $\frac{3}{4}$	98	0 $\frac{1}{8}$
Local Loans	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
India Threes	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	98 $\frac{3}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
London County Three per Cent.	99	95 $\frac{3}{4}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$

THE FALL IN YANKEES.

Notwithstanding the perfectly patent fact that on both sides of the Atlantic the American Market has been left severely alone by the outsider, it will be seen that a series of falls remains to be chronicled, in the face of strenuous bull efforts on the part of most of the big American houses to keep prices up. The monetary situation in New York has several times come to the very edge of acuteness since last New Year's Day, and rates have been paid for financial accommodation which would make the mouth even of an unregistered money-lender water. But first to glance at the prices—

Shares.	Dec. 31, 1902.	April 8, 1903.	Fall.
Atchison	86 $\frac{3}{4}$	83 $\frac{1}{4}$	3
Baltimore	103	94	9
Canada	136 $\frac{1}{2}$	132 $\frac{1}{2}$	4
Erie	39 $\frac{3}{4}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{3}{8}$
Louisville	131 $\frac{1}{2}$	120 $\frac{1}{2}$	11
Norfolks	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	71 $\frac{1}{2}$	4
Readings	34 $\frac{3}{4}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{3}{8}$
Southern Pacific	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
United States Steel	37	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	4

Various devices have been resorted to by the Treasury during the past few months in order to bolster up the financial situation, but it is open to doubt whether these temporary expedients do more good than harm in the long run. Labour difficulties are also forcing their way to the front, while a continual stream of new issues has become part and parcel of the Yankee Market's weekly life. Factions still fight keenly over their pet projects, and the latest of these struggles—that connected with the Southern Pacific—is still fresh in everyone's memory. Canadian Pacifics have moved downwards, partly in sympathy with Wall Street; but the line has had its own troubles to contend with, and, despite the bountiful traffics, a check has been imparted to the advance of the shares by real as well as false difficulties, largely of an outside character.

GRAND TRUNKS AND FOREIGN RAILS.

Decidedly an outstanding feature of the year is the strong rise in Grand Trunk stocks. After many years, the Third Preference is about to receive a dividend again, and, although the rate is only 1 per cent., such a distribution has served to quicken imagination in regard to what may be declared twelve months hence. The movement has been striking enough to command a space to itself, but we add a few other prices in the Foreign Railway department, in order to give an idea of the trend elsewhere—

Stock.	Dec. 31, 1902.	Now.	Rise.
Grand Trunk Ordinary	15	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
" First Pref.	107 $\frac{1}{4}$	114 $\frac{1}{4}$	7
" Second Pref.	94 $\frac{1}{4}$	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	5 $\frac{1}{4}$
" Third Pref.	44	49 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
Rosario	72	81	9
Mexican Railway Ordinary	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
" First Pref.	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	3
" Second Pref.	23	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$

Thanks to a plentiful harvest and the re-opening of the European ports to the importation of Argentine cattle, the Silver Republic's railways have enjoyed a markably fine quarter, and, if the dividends failed to realise the highest hopes of the optimists, the respective Boards proved by their accounts that the payments were smaller than might have been the case if the profits had been divided up to the hilt. Mexican Rails also came into favour upon a suggested scheme for fixing a standard price for silver, but with the waning of that pleasant possibility there has again fallen a deep, despondent dulness over the erratic market. Nitrate Rails have fallen from 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to the round figure 7, and this in spite of a slight re-awakening of interest in the nitrate-producing Companies' shares.

" COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL."

Embracing under this head a wide range of investments, we find a natural irregularity in the different sections. There have been few issues of first-class importance made during the period under review. One of the best, if not the best of the lot, was the Henry Tate Debenture stock offered last month, and subscribed for thirteen times over. The price of this stock, issued at par, rose rapidly to nearly nine points premium, and there it has stayed. In contradistinction to this success lie the schemes for reconstruction advanced by some of our great, over-capitalised industrial undertakings. The Allsopp Company is a case in point, and before the end of this month the official plan of the Welsbach reorganisation should be made public. With so large a field in front of us, it is, of course, difficult to make a representative selection of prices for comparison in the limited space at our disposal, but a few examples of changes may be cited—

Stock or Share.	Dec. 31, 1902.	Now.	Rise or Fall.
Aerated Bread	13 $\frac{1}{8}$	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	+ $\frac{1}{8}$
Allsopp	41	38	- 3
Bradford Dyers	23s.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	- 6d.
City Electric	10 $\frac{1}{4}$	10 $\frac{1}{4}$	- $\frac{1}{2}$
Hudson's Bay	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	41 $\frac{1}{4}$	+ 4 $\frac{3}{4}$
Lipton	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{10}$	+ $\frac{1}{10}$
London General Omnibus	90	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
London Dock Def.	68	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lyons	7 $\frac{1}{8}$	7 $\frac{1}{8}$	- $\frac{1}{8}$
National Provincial Bank	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	57	- $\frac{1}{2}$
Nelson, James	81s. 3d.	62s. 6d.	- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pease and Partners	12	11 $\frac{1}{8}$	- $\frac{1}{8}$
Welsbach Ordinary	16	16	None.



THE MANTRAI COMPANY'S MONO-RAIL AT WORK.

Amongst the improvements, those in the prices of Hudson's Bay and London Dock Deferred stand out in high relief, the first due to the boom in Canadian land and fur sales, the second having the new Port of London Bill for its origin. The rise in 'Bus stock came about by reason of the much better showing made by the Omnibus Companies for the final half of 1902, the "Tube" competition having apparently reached its apotheosis in the previous six months. Of the reason for the drop in Allsopps, mention has already been made, and James Nelsons have been falling, falling, falling from the commencement of the year, nor can it be said that the various reasons put forward to account for the decline are by any means satisfying to the shareholders.

THE MINING MARKETS.

Perhaps the less said about Kaffirs the better. Mr. Chamberlain's pilgrimage to South Africa produced practically no results at all so far as the market of the moment has been concerned. The one great trouble remains to-day almost as acute as it was three months ago, although the number of native recruits for the mines certainly increases, surely if slowly. The capitalists are cautiously moving towards the employment of Asiatic labour, while the popular opinion on the spot condemns it with unsparing vigour. Gold production is on the advance, but Gold shares continue to dwindle in value, as a few quotations will suffice to show—

Share.	Dec. 31, 1902.	Now.	Fall.
Apex	85	81	3
City and Suburban	65	63	2
East Rand	84	83	1
Geldenhuys	75	63	12
Heriot	75	67	1
Knights	71	63	8
Treasury	55	54	1

With the sagging away of Gold share prices has naturally come a decline in the more speculative varieties. Modders, for instance, are now 11, comparing with 11½ at the early part of the year. Rand Mines show an almost similar movement, and Consolidated Goldfields are 7½ against 8½, a 5s. dividend, of course, having been paid in the interval. De Beers at 21½ are about a pound down, but Jagers display very little change at 27½. In the Rhodesian Market the key-note can be found by saying that the present price of Chartered, 3½, is ten shillings lower than it was last New Year's Day.

West Africans received a sharp fillip in January, which has left its mark upon the prices of to-day, Wassau at 6½ having added the fraction, and Amalgamated at 7½ showing a rise of 35s. per share. The Egyptian Market was all but unknown at the beginning of the year. Of the West Australian group, Ivanhoes have risen from 7½ to 9½, Perseverance from 9½ to nearly three pounds higher, and Lake View from 2½ to 27, with other changes in proportion. The Kangaroo Market developed unusual strength a couple of months ago, but an ill-conceived amalgamation scheme practically killed business, although prices have been fairly well maintained. And it is possible that the Westralian Market may furnish the next Mining movement yet, for all the optimistic prophecies which have been made in favour of Kaffirs, so soon as the influence of the Easter holidays shall have worn away.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We are again indebted to the Mantraim (Wassau) Company for the illustrations of West African mining reproduced this week. This Company's property is situated about two miles from the Tarkwa railway terminus of the Sekondi line, with which it is connected by the mono-rail line of which we give a view. There are seven shafts on the property and about fifteen thousand tons of ore developed, of which about a thousand tons is on the surface waiting for the completion of the battery and cyanide plant, all of which has been delivered and is now in course of erection. It is hoped that gold-production may begin in about one month from the present date and that the mines may be profit-earning by the end of this summer.

Thursday, April 9, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

R. H. N.—The Rhodesian Gold Trust was reconstructed in 1900, with a capital of £500,000. The shares are 19s. paid, and the Secretary is R. F. Masterton; office, Winchester House, Old Broad Street. The Company has mines in the Lower Gwelo district, with ore averaging 8 dwt., and coal-borings are going on in the Sengwe district.

R. H. P.—We think you can set depreciation against profit. No reasonable being pays income-tax on increased capital-value, whether he has depreciation in other investments to set against it or not.

H. D. C.—Your letter was fully answered on the 7th inst.

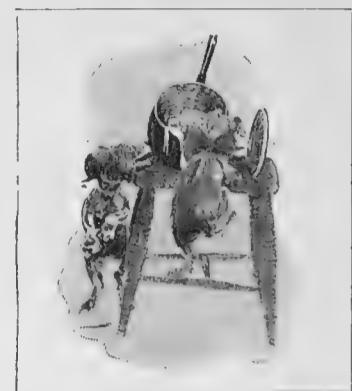
NOTE.—In consequence of our having to go to press early this week, we hope correspondents whose letters are unanswered will kindly forgive us.

We are informed that the new issues of Waring and Gillow, Limited, have been applied for several times over. There was quite a rush of applicants at the Head Office of the London, City, and Midland Bank, necessitating, it is said, the employment of additional clerks to cope with the flood of applications received. The utmost despatch is being exercised by the directors with the allotments, and it is hoped that by the time these lines are in print the whole will have been dealt with.

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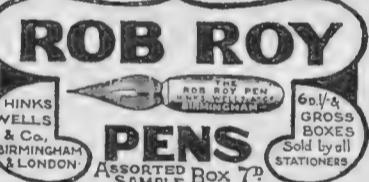
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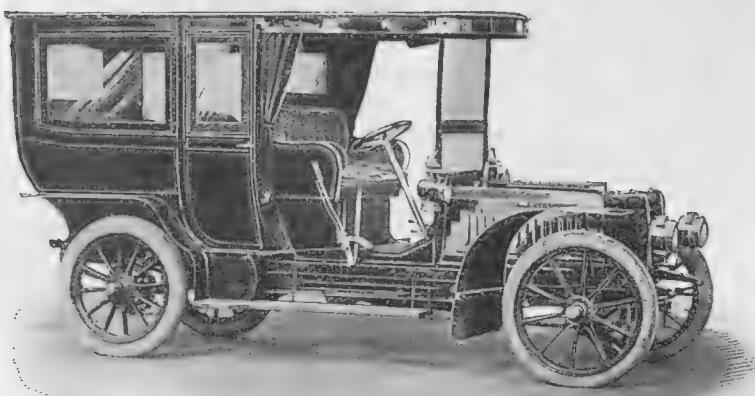
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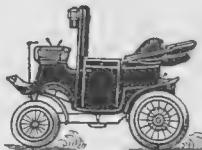
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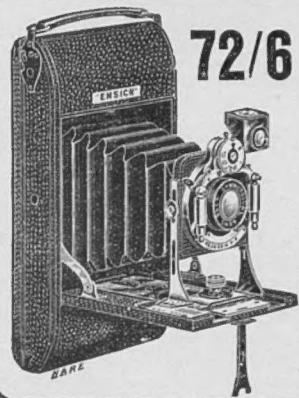
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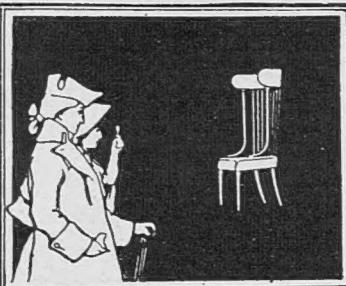
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IN LONDON.FREE,
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"WHITE LABEL"
WHISKY*The Whisky of Great Age*

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*Naked floors
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IMPARTS A LUSTROUS GLOW.
Makes old floors look new
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REQUIRES LITTLE RUBBING.

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Made from WEEKS' WORLD-FAMED FEATHERBONE

For making Lace Collars and Collars of any thin material.

LIGHTEST, NEATEST, and MOST PERFECT
Collar Frame made.
In Silk, Mercerised Cotton, and Cotton. Black, White, and Ecru.
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For Making the Hair Grow when All Else Fails.

Prevent baldness and cleanse the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff with shampoos of Cuticura Soap, and light dressings with Cuticura, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales and dandruff, destroys hair parasites, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, loosens the scalp skin, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

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Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
IS NOT a dye.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

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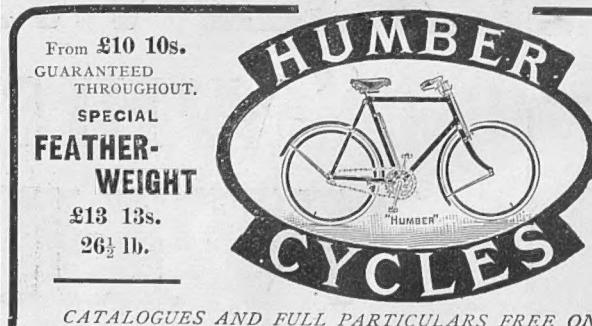
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FEATHER-
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SKETCH,
April 15, 1903

strengthening and stimulating those organs to perform their natural duties. They produce a gentle action on the bowels, curing or preventing constipation, cleansing the stomach and ridding the system of all impurities. Do not be misled by claims of half a hundred pills in the box, where probably four to six constitute a dose, and the doses cannot be discontinued. One Bile Bean is one dose. They can be discontinued after the cure is effected; they are purely vegetable; they contain no harmful drugs, and they are the safest family medicine.

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